THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LV. REED, WICKERSHAM & CO., No. 726 Sansom Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1875. $3 00 a Year, in Advance. $3 50 with Mounted Chromo. No. 19.

THE CHERISHED DREAM.

BY ELIZABETH S. PHELPS.

Some day, some day of days, threading the street
With idle, heedless pace,
Unlooking for such grace,
I shall behold your face!
Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.

Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,
Or winter's icy chill
Touch whitely vale and hill,
What matter? I shall thrill
Through every vein with summer on that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,
And for a moment there
I shall stand fresh and fair,
And drop the garment care;
Once more my perfect youth will nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 'twill be—
How face to face each soul
Will slip its long control,
Forget the dismal dole
Of dreary fate's dark separating sea;

And glance to glance, and hand to hand in greeting,
The past with all its fears,
Its silence and tears,
Its lonely yearning years,
Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.

ONE LIFE'S MYSTERY!

BY

H. REBAK,

Author of "Bound by a Spell," "Humphrey Grant's Will," "Doomed," Etc., Etc.

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"WHAT IS ALL THIS ABOUT, ANDREW? WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM, AND WHEN DID YOU LAST HEAR FROM HIM?"

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

About sixteen years ago Mrs. Paulton was one day greatly surprised to receive a visit from an elder sister, whom she had not seen or heard of for several years. This woman had been housekeeper in a family whose name did not transpire. But her mistress was recently deceased, and had left her a handsome legacy, which, together with her savings, had enabled her to retire from service altogether. Such was the account she gave.

"Then I suppose you now think of getting married?" said Mrs. Paulton, laughing.

"I am married," she answered, quickly.

"Then, for goodness sake, why didn't thee bring your husband along with thee?" was the rejoinder.

"He is away travelling," she answered.

"And what trade is he?"

"None. He is a gentleman," was the reply.

"And how long have you been married?" was the next question.

"Six months," was the answer.

It was not until the day after her arrival that the real object of her visit came out, which was to propose to her sister to take charge of a little girl about two years old. Mrs. Paulton stared a little at this request.

"You must ask me no questions," she said. "The child is an orphan, its parents were related to my husband, and that is all I can tell you."

"Then I should think it would be much better brought up by you than by anybody else," was the curt rejoinder.

The sister replied that such an arrangement was not convenient, that a most liberal allowance would be made for the little girl's maintenance, and seemed very anxious that Mrs. Paulton should undertake his guardianship.

Where was the child now?

It had been left at the hotel at Windermere.

Well, she had better bring it up, and then they would talk the matter over.

A messenger was sent to the hotel, and a few hours afterwards the Keswick coach put down a female servant and a little girl at "The Waterfall."

"It was the prettiest wee creature you ever set eyes on!" said John. "The missus and I had been married more than five years then, but we had no bairn, and had often wished for a little toddler to liven up the house a bit. She didn't feel exactly right about this affair, as she never could abear anything that didn't seem all clear and straightforward; but the moment she saw little Bertha, the thing was as good as settled; 'twas such a gentle, trusting, affectionate wee thing, that in a few minutes she loved it as if it had been her own flesh and blood!

"The next day her sister wanted to make an arrangement about paying us a sum of money quarterly, but the missus stopped her short. 'We don't want any money, do we, John?' she said; 'give me the darling, and I will bring it up as our own, and it shall never know but what me and John are its mother and father.'

"But at first the sister wouldn't hear of this. 'Then I won't take it at all,' said the missus; "for if I do, I should grow that fond of the child, that it would break my heart to part with it.'

"After much demurring, it was determined that the husband should be written to at once, and the arrangement submitted to his approval. This was done, and two days afterwards came back the answer. He would consent to make over the child to Paulton and his wife upon certain conditions, to which they at once acceded. The next day her sister took her leave, and from that time they had never seen or heard anything more of her.

"You are the first person that we ever told the story to," said John. "Not even Bertha knows a word of it. But we'd always made up our minds that the man who asked her from us for wife should know all about it, in case that anything should crop up hereafter to make him think that we had deceived him. And now, sir, I hope what I have told you will put all thoughts of our Bertha out of your head. Leave her to some lad of her own station in life, and you'll soon find a lady that will make you forget her. I'm sure this will be much better for both."

"On the contrary, the story you have told me has only strengthened my resolution," he answered. "I have always had a feeling that there was in Bertha something far superior to her surroundings—a certain refinement and grace which seemed to indicate gentle blood. You acknowledge yourself that there is a mystery over her parentage. That mystery I am resolved to penetrate. Let me know the name of your sister-in-law, and where she resided at the time that the child was committed to her care. I will trace her out, and——"

"That is the very thing I can't do," interrupted Paulton. "I told you just now that we made certain conditions with her before she would give the child up to us. Those conditions were that we should never reveal her name, nor afford anybody the slightest clue by which her connection with the child could be traced."

Andrew looked aghast. "But you cannot believe that you are justified in keeping such an agreement," he said at length.

"A promise with me is a bond," answered Paulton, very brusquely. "I never yet broke my word, and I am not going to begin now. I always thought that gentlemen were very particular about these things."

This was spoken very pointedly, and Andrew felt abashed at the rebuke, which he was conscious of having well deserved.

"And now, sir, I think I have said enough to show you that your marriage with Bertha is impossible," he went on, in a milder tone.

"You have shown me nothing of the kind," answered Andrew, impetuously. "What care I for the accident of birth? Were she the daughter of an emperor she could not be more beautiful—more of everything I would have in a wife—than she is; and were I to discover that she was the offspring of a beggar, it could not take away a single charm that nature had bestowed upon her."

John Paulton's brow clouded.

"But you must remember," he said, after a pause, "that you are almost a stranger to us; not but that I must say that I like you well, so far as I have seen. But what will your relations say?—and I would not have our Bertha looked down upon by the greatest people in the land."

"I have already told you that I am an orphan, and quite independent of all my family," interrupted Andrew, impatiently.

"But you're ower young to marry," urged Paulton, bluntly. "You'll hardly know your own mind yet. You must excuse my bluntness, but I always say what I think, whether it is to gentle or simple."

Andrew was losing his temper fast, at what he considered Paulton's persistent obstinacy. "Let Bertha be the umpire, then," he said. "As it is her happiness and her future that depend upon this controversy, I think it is she whoshould decide it. I will abide by her decision; will you promise to do the same?"

"Rather a one-sided bargain that, Mr. Marney," answered Paulton, a smile breaking out from his clouded features. "There's no doubt the girl's fond of you; and that being the case, there's very little fear as to which side of the argument she'll incline. But there! let itbe as you say."

Their walk had by this time brought them nearly back to the farm. Just at that moment Bertha issued from the door, and Paulton called to her to come over. She hesitated for a moment; the next Andrew was by her side.

"You are to decide my fate," he said, clasping one of her hands in his. "Upon your answer to your father's questions depends the happiness or misery of my future life."

"Do not say that," she answered, trembling.

"I do say it," he replied fervidly: "and assuredly as there is a Providence watching over all, I speak truly."

"Come, come, no tampering with the witness," roared out Paulton, laughing. lightly as he clasped Bertha's fingers, he could feel them quivering in his.

"Come here, Bertha," said her father. She ran to him, and he put his stout arm round her waist and drew her to him, and she nestled to his broad chest. "I needn't tell th' what we've been talking about," he said, stroking her head, "for you know all about it already; but choosing a husband or a wife, my lass, is a critical thing, and we can't be toocareful. Both your mother and me like the young gentleman, and he promises fair enough, and he'll make a leddy of th', and I know that most people would say that we ought to jump at such a husband. But to see thee happy is all I or your mother care for; and if that can be brought about, we care very little whether 'tis in a cot or a drawing-room. So now speak out, lass; we've both promised to abide by your word, and mother has left it all to me."

There was a silence that seemed to Andrew interminable.

"Why don't you speak, dearest?" he asked at length. "Have you not already blessed me with the assurance of your love? Why do you hesitate? I repeat it now before your father."

"Come, come! don't be shame-faced my lass," said her father, encouragingly. "Honest love is nothing to be ashamed of."

Again there was silence. Bertha's head was turned aside, but he could perceive by her heaving bosom how intensely she was agitated.

"I do love him," she burst forth at last, "but——" Convulsive sobs choked her further utterance.

"Then the matter's settled," said Paulton. "She's yours, Mr. Marney; and now let us go in and tell the missus the upshot."

So saying, he disengaged Bertha's arms from around his neck, and kissing her tenderly, passed her over to Andrew's eager arms. Then, brushing a tear from his cheek, he strode towards the inn, bidding them follow.

"Andrew, what have I done?" she cried in a low, sobbing tone. "I have sealed your misery and my own."

"You have made me the happiest being that walks the earth this day," he answered; "and if it be within the power of love to make you equally happy, you shall be so. But tell me, darling, what is the cause of this strange emotion, of these inexplicable words?"

"Do not ask me," she answered, quickly. "Do not let us think of them any more; the die is cast, and we must not look back."

Spite of himself, those words threw a shadow upon Andrew's joy. Without speaking another word, they followed Paulton into the inn.

In a few moments they were joined by the good hostess. She evidently regarded the affair far more favorably than her husband, for mothers are, as a rule, more ambitious in matrimonial affairs than fathers. So the good lady's face was all radiant with pleasure when she entered the room, and she warmly and affectionately expressed her satisfaction with the arrangement.

When should the marriage take place? That was the next question to be discussed. Andrew wished it to be in a month. Bertha would not hear of so short a time. Her mother proposed six weeks as the limit. She demurred even at this, but Mrs. Paulton was firm, and so it was arranged that on that day six weeks they should be united in the old parish church of Keswick.

That night Andrew wrote a long letter to Armstrong, telling him that all was arranged, and inviting him to his wedding, cautioning him, however, to keep it a profound secret from every one. "I must seek some favorable opportunity," he wrote, "to disclose it to my uncle, who would certainly use some effort to prevent what he would call a *mesalliance*. I must find some means of introducing her to him before he knows the truth; he cannot fail to be fascinated by her, after which all the rest will be easy enough."

He expected a long lecture in reply to his epistle; but in this he was mistaken. Nearly a fortnight elapsed before an answer came. He had been away from home, he said, and they had not forwarded his letter. He should accept the invitation, and scrupulously attend to his injunctions. This was all. "He reserves the lecture for oral delivery," Andrew thought; "or perhaps he will take the wiser course of accepting the situation as something which he has no power to change."

The observances of society required that Andrew should no longer be an inmate of the same house as his promised wife. Such refinements were never thought of, probably, by her homely parents, but he was desirous in all respects of paying her the same respect and deference which he would have shown to the highest lady in the land. So he removed to an hotel in Keswick, whence he walked or rode, according to the weather, to "The Waterfall."

How slowly the days seemed to creep away, and in what a state of nervous excitement he passed them! He could not sleep at night; and when he did, he was tortured by weird and fantastic dreams. He could not rest by day, except when he was at Bertha's side. And yet he could find no reason for this agitation. Her manner was all that a lover could desire. The shadow, whatever it might have been, seemed to have passed away. It is true that at times she was a little thoughtful and melancholy; but not more so than would be natural in a young girl about to change her condition in life.

And so the time rolled on until it wanted but two days to the one which was to complete his happiness.

"Only twice more shall we have to part thus!" murmured he as he held her in his arms that evening. He fancied he felt a slight shiver pass through her frame, but the air was chilly, although it was now May, and it might have been with cold.

It was a bright May evening when he set forward on his walk back to Keswick. He had never felt so light-hearted before. The time was now so close at hand, he could not believe but that all would go smoothly. He was about two miles from his destination when he remarked a man in front of him, pursuing the same direction as himself. The stranger was walking more slowly than he, and he soon gained upon him. He wore a long, heavy overcoat, and round his neck a thick woolen muffler. The sound of his footsteps did not cause him to look round; but as he passed, Andrew glanced at his face. It was partly hidden by the muffler, but not sufficient to prevent him recognising its sallow, strongly-marked features, the close and black hair, the moustache and long beard. *It was the man whom he had seen sitting on the stone beside the lake on the night that he and Armstrong left Cumberland.* The recognition gave him quite a shock. By a sudden impulse he slackened his pace, and as the stranger overtook him, moved his hat, and said "Good evening!"

The man made a slight inclination with his head, but did not speak.

"You are going to Keswick, I presume?" said Andrew.

He made the same silent movement as before.

"How strange that he does not speak," thought Andrew. "*Can he be dumb?* Why I should feel thus curious about a man whom I have never seen but twice before, and that in the most promiscuous and natural manner, is incomprehensible."

"We are not far from there now," he went on, hardly knowing how to keep up this one-sided conversation. "But I suppose you know the road, for, if I mistake not, I saw you in this neighborhood last autumn?"

Without making any reply, he deliberately seated himself upon a piece of stone that lay at the road side, waving his arm impatiently, as though bidding him proceed. The behavior was so abrupt, so strange, so rude, that for a moment Andrew stared at him in utter astonishment.

Andrew did not think himself a coward, but he felt something very like fear as he strode along the road, without once looking back, at a faster pace than ever. As he descended the hill which leads into the little town, he was bathed in perspiration. All his light-heartedness had vanished. He felt cowed, dispirited.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW HE LOST HER.

As Andrew entered the hotel, his servant presented him with a telegram. It had been brought from Penrith by special messenger about ten minutes previously. It was from Windsor, and consequently from his uncle, who resided there. With trembling fingers he broke open the envelope, and read the contents. His worst fears were realized:

"Return to Marney on the instant you receive this. Your uncle is lying at the point of death. Travel night and day if you would see him alive."

The name signed, "Edward Meadows, M. D.," was unknown to him. For an instant he hesitated whether he should obey this summons until after his marriage. But the indecision was only momentary. He dared not so utterly outrage, not only society, but humanity. He must go.

In less than half an hour he and his servant were in a postchaise, and being driven on the road to Windermere, where he would take the rail to London. He ordered the driver to stop at "The Waterfall." It was nine o'clock, and quite dark, when they arrived there. Paulton and his wife were preparing for bed. His wan appearance and agitation informed them more quickly than his lips that something was amiss. A few words explained everything.

"Well, this is a bad business, so close upon your wedding," said Paulton.

"It distracts me," he cried, excitedly.

Bertha said nothing, but she was deathly pale as he bade her farewell.

"I shall not be away from you an instant longer than I am compelled, darling," he whispered. Then his dark, boding thoughts bursting forth into speech in spite of himself, he exclaimed: "What if this should be but a prelude of further trouble?"

He was too late for any train from Windermere. He would have paid for a special, but one could not be got nearer than Lancaster. He was compelled to remain at Windermere until eight the next morning, and even then could get only the ordinary slow train. At Lancaster, however, he changed into an express. It was late in the day before he arrived in London, and the evening far advanced before he reached Windsor. He proceeded at once to the Castle Hotel to hire a conveyance to take him to Marney Hall, which was about five miles from the town. He was greatly astonished to find that they had heard nothing there of Sir William's illness. This was very strange, he thought, as he always put up there, and there was no one better known in the neighborhood. Just then another curious circumstance struck him, How did they learn at the Hall where to telegraph to him? No one except Armstrong knew of his address. Consequently it was from him, then, they must have obtained it. Yet why, as he had promised not to give it up on any pretense whatever, *had not Armstrong telegraphed to him himself?*

A strange suspicion began to take possession of him. "Don't spare the horses," he cried out to the coachman. "Drive on at your utmost speed, and you shall have two sovereigns for yourself."

At the lodge gate at last!

"How is my uncle?" he cried, as the lodge keeper opened them to admit the carriage.

"Quite well, sir, thank'ee," answered the man, touching his hat.

"Quite well! What do you mean?" he exclaimed, passionately. But before he could give an answer, Andrew had shouted to the coachman to drive on. In less than two minutes he was thundering at the hall door.

"How is my uncle?" asked Andrew, again, of the footman who answered the summons.

"He is in the breakfast room, sir; shall I announce you?" was the answer.

He pushed the man aside, and the next instant had burst into the apartment he indicated.

There, seated, in dressing gown and slippers, was Sir William, looking as hale and hearty as ever he had seen him.

"Why, Andrew, what has brought you here so unexpectedly?" he exclaimed, in much astonishment.

The young man could not speak, but placed the telegram in his hand.

He raised his eye-glass, read the paper, examined it thoroughly, then laying it down upon his knee, said quietly, "This is a forgery. This must be looked into. Tell me how, when, and where you received it."

In less than half an hour, Andrew was on his way back to Windsor. His uncle evidently thought him crazed, so wild and incoherent was his manner. But what cared he for the thought of any one at such a time? The one idea fixed upon his brain was that the forged telegram was a plot to separate him from Bertha—for what purpose, by whom concocted, or what suggested such ideas, he never attempted to divine; but, by a curious combination, the figure of that dark, *dumb man* was associated with these impressions. It seemed like an answer to the vague terror with which he had inspired him. It appeared as if that vague terror had always been associated with Bertha, although until this moment he was not aware of it.

When he arrived at Windsor, the last train had departed. He ordered fresh horses to be put to the carriage, and in that he posted to London. Arrived there in the small hours of the morning, he put up the Great Northern Hotel to wait for the first train that started from Euston Square. He threw himself down upon a sofa, and tried to snatch a few moments' repose. His eyelids would not close. He could not even sit still, but paced up and down his narrow sitting-room incessantly, until his servant entered to inform him that it was time to go to the terminus.

The train was a parliamentary one and stopped at nearly every station. Oh, the torture of its creeping pace and continual stoppages! Arrived at Rugby, he felt he could endure it no longer. He jumped out, and waited for the first express.

At last he was fairly upon the road. But even the lightning speed of the express seemed slow to his fevered brain.

Lancaster—there he had to change. Then Kendal—Windermere. Then out of the narrow box, stretching his cramped limbs. Five minutes more he was in another conveyance. Along the level road to Ambleside they go swiftly; but then comes the steep road, up which the horses can only crawl. He can go faster than they. He jumped out, and bidding his servant follow in the chaise, speeded up the mountain. In ten minutes he was out of the hearing even of the wheels. The sharp, exhilarating air carried away all sense of fatigue. On he sped faster and faster as he drew nearer to the goal. Now he could see the chimneys rising out of the hazy atmosphere—now the whole roof—now the house—and now he was at the door. How quiet and still all looked! He raised the latch, entered the passage and the little private parlor. Both Paulton and his wife were there, but *not* Bertha. Mrs. Paulton's ruddy complexion was very pale, and Paulton's looks stern and sad.

"Where is Bertha?" cried Andrew, as he entered the room.

He felt a strong grasp upon his arm, and a harsh voice answered, "Ay, where is she?"

"What do you mean? What has happened?" he asked.

"No masquerading—no humbug with me!" said Paulton yet more sternly. "It won't do! I ask you again, where is Bertha?"

"Is she not here?"

"You know she is not. What have you done with her?"

"Then my presentiments were only too true!" moaned the young man, falling into a chair.

His woe-struck features, the utter collapse of his attitude, shook Paulton's suspicions.

"Do you mean to say you know nothing of her flight?"

"Flight!" repeated Andrew. "Oh, don't say flight! Tell me, I implore, what you mean?"

"How comes it you are here now?" he asked, his suspicions returning. "You could not have been to Windsor and back in this time."

"The telegram was a forgery. I started back on the moment. I had a presentiment of evil. I have travelled night and day. Look at me! Can you doubt my word? My servant will be here directly. Question him. But if you would not kill me with suspense, tell me what has become of Bertha?"

Paulton regarded him steadfastly for some seconds; the scrutiny seemed to satisfy him.

"About five minutes after you went away in the shay," he began, abruptly, "a knock came to the door. Bertha was standing at the foot of the stairs, just going up to bed, and so she went to answer it. I was finishing my pipe; and thinking it might be only a shepherd who wanted a drink of beer, I didn't trouble myself until I heard her give a faint cry. I ran out into the passage, and there I saw her looking white with terror; and a man, muffled in an overcoat, and a shawl round his neck—"

"A man with black hair and short moustache and beard?" interrupted Andrew.

"You know him, then?" said Paulton, with a suspicious look.

"Go on, for pity's sake; let me hear the worst!"

"Thinking he had said something that frightened the lass, who ran up stairs as soon as I appeared, I asked him roughly what he wanted—what he was about. He made some signs with his hands, but did not answer. 'Can't you speak?' I asked. He shook his head. When I found the poor fellow was dumb, I spoke more kindly; and then he made me understand that he wanted something to drink. I brought it out to him. He paid for it, and went away. I bolted the door, and we all went to bed. The next morning, Bertha not coming down at her usual time, her mother sent the servant lass up to call her. She knocked at the door, but got no answer; then she opened it, and looked in. Bertha was not there; her bed had not been slept in; and," he added, his voice breaking down, "we've seen nought of her since!"

"But have you made no inquiries—no search?" cried Andrew, excitedly.

"Everywhere!" answered Mrs. Paulton, speaking for the first time. "Your friend, Mr. Armstrong, came here about mid-day to inquire for you. John was out seeking about for our poor darling; but I told him what had happened, and he started off to see if he could get any tidings of her."

"And have you received none?"

"None; except that we heard that a chaise with closed windows passed through Keswick, and on to the Penrith road, at daybreak yesterday morning," answered Paulton.

"Then you have had nothing to do with it, Mr. Marney?" said Mrs. Paulton, between her sobs.

"I, Mrs. Paulton? How could you imagine such a thing?" exclaimed Andrew, almost angrily.

"Who else could we suspect? She knew no stranger but you. Who other could have any motive in enticing her away from her home?"

"And who so little as I? Was not this the day that I was to make her my wife?"

"I tell you what I did think, Mr. Marney," interrupted Paulton; "if I wronged you—and I do believe I did—I ask your pardon. I thought you'd been reflecting on your coming marriage with a poor girl, and fearful of what your grand friends would say, mayhap had begun to repent, thinking you might get her on easier terms; and that your journey to London was all a trick and—"

"Heaven forgive you for such harsh suspicions!" answered Andrew.

"Amen!" he rejoined, humbly.

"What do you intend to do?" asked Andrew.

"Find her!" was the laconic answer.

The young man grasped his hand; he could not speak; but they understood one another.

At that moment the carriage, with the servant, arrived; and five minutes afterwards, Armstrong entered the room. Andrew drew back from his extended hand. He looked greatly surprised.

"To whom, Mr Armstrong, have you given my address here, after promising to scrupulously conceal it?" he asked, sternly.

"I given your address?" he reiterated, in a tone of the utmost amazement—"to no one."

"No one but you knew it, and I received a telegram—a forged one, as it turns out—from Windsor."

"And you suspect me of sending you a forged telegram?" he cried, indignantly. "I pledge you my word of honor I have given your address to no living soul."

"Forgive me," said Andrew, grasping his hand; "but I know not where to turn for a solution of these horrible mysteries."

"I heard at the hotel at Keswick that you had been suddenly summoned away."

"Let us talk no more of that now," interrupted Andrew, "nor lose precious time in regrets."

Soon afterwards the three started away in different directions upon their sad quest. Paulton went to Keswick. Armstrong to Windermere—they had been thither twice before—while Andrew went on to the Penrith road, those being the only main roads from "The Waterfall."

At the first turnpike out of Keswick he was told, as Armstrong had been, of the chaise which passed through it at daybreak on the previous morning, but his most searching inquiries could add nothing to that bare fact. The toll collector had been roused out of his bed, and was too drowsy to remark anything. From gate to gate he traced this same conveyance until he arrived at Penrith. There all clue was lost. In vain did he institute inquiries in every possible direction; no one had seen any such carriage or persons as he described; they seemed to have vanished into the bowels of the earth.

It was long since dark night; but still he wandered about the streets as though he would never rest again—as though he must walk on and on until he fell prostrated by exhaustion. He had eaten scarcely a morsel for forty-eight hours, and during all that time he had been travelling.

Suddenly he was seized with a vertigo; he leaned against a lamp-post for support; it seemed to give way with him; he fell heavily upon the ground, and consciousness deserted him.

He was found thus by his servant, who was in quest of him. He was conveyed to an hotel, put to bed, and a doctor sent for. In a few hours he became delirious, and before morning the medical attendant pronounced him to be suffering from a severe brain fever.

CHAPTER V.

A TWELVEMONTH AFTERWARDS.

"When did you hear from Cousin Andrew, Mr. Armstrong?"

"Oh, about a week ago."

"Where is he now?"

"Somewhere in the north. I forget the name of the place."

"And why does he never come to Marney now, but is always wandering about in those remote regions?"

"He had a long illness, you know, last summer, and he is now recruiting his health."

The speakers were the Misses Harriet and Sophie Cleveland, and Mr. James Armstrong, who had arrived that morning. The place in which the dialogue took place, the breakfast room at Marney Hall, Bucks.

Harriet and Sophie Cleveland were sisters; one was a brunette, aged twenty-two, the other a blonde, aged seventeen, both very pretty in their different styles. They were the nieces of Sir William Marney—poor relations. Their father had been an officer in the English army, and had retired upon half-pay; they resided in a remote village of Herts upon very slender means, and great expectations from their rich uncle, with whom they were now upon a lengthened visit.

James Armstrong was a powerfully-built young man, with pale though healthy complexion, and handsome, though rigid and stern features.

Seated at the table, reading a paper, was Sir William himself, a bachelor, about fifty years of age, stout, with a florid complexion, handsome but stern features, and a bluff, hearty manner.

If we add that the Hall was an old-fashioned, rambling, brick building of Queen Anne's time, situated in the midst of a noble park, that boasted some of the finest trees for many miles round, we shall have afforded the reader sufficient description of scene and *dramatis personæ* for the present.

"What was the cause of Cousin Andrew's illness?" inquired Miss Sophie, the younger of the two sisters.

"An attack of brain fever," replied Armstrong.

"Yes, I know, but what brought it on?"

"Pon my word, Miss Sophie, you have posed me," replied Armstrong, laughing. "I am not enough of a doctor to answer such a question, and perhaps even if I were one it might puzzle me."

"Yes; but I thought it might be brought on by some trouble," persisted Sophie. "I heard uncle say that he came here just before his illness, in a very wild and excited state, and went away again without——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the sister; "we know all that. You seem very interested about Cousin Andrew of late."

Sophie blushed crimson. "Well, I don't think there is anything very strange in asking about a person who has been lying at the point of death," she answered, poutingly.

"Especially when one has a weakness in that quarter," said Harriet, with the slightest little touch of sarcasm.

Noting the emotion of the younger sister, Armstrong interposed to put an end to the scene. "I think it must have been the shock of the news of his uncle's supposed illness, and the subsequent excitement and fatigue of two long journeys. By-the-bye, did Mr. Marney ever gain any intelligence as to the author of the forged telegram?"

"None whatever," replied Harriet; "he left the inquiry in the hands of his solicitor, but the only information that could be gleaned was that the message had been brought to the Windsor office in a sealed envelope by a youth."

"It was a very strange affair."

"Very."

"By the way," he added, "there is Andrew's last letter; perhaps you would like to read it?"

Harriet took the proffered epistle, and read as follows:

"My Dear James—I have no doubt that you consider it very neglectful and unkind that I have not written to you before, but I have not had the heart. You will perceive by the address" (it was dated from Carlisle) "that I am still lingering about this part of the country. You will think me mad; perhaps I am; but I swear to you I cannot help it—I cannot tear myself away from the neighborhood. You were obliged to return to London while I lay dangerously ill at Penrith, and I have not seen you since. But from the day I was first able to crawl from my sick-chamber I have been incessantly on the same track, but, alas! with no result whatever. Over and over again I have believed that I had found a clue, but my hopes have been as often destroyed, and yet I am still as ready to be deceived again as I was at the first. One fixed idea, which nothing can shake, possesses me; and that is, that Bertha is wholly innocent, that she is the victim of some foul conspiracy, and that the dumb man is at the head of it all. One strange circumstance, which I cannot in any way account for, is that since my recovery, John Paulton has entirely withdrawn himself from the search, and the last time I saw him he treated me with the most marked coldness, as did also his wife, neither of them seeming to take the slightest interest in my quest. Have they heard any news of her, which, for some reason, they do not think fit to reveal to me? If so, they are most cruel and unjust.

"But let me bring this rambling and (to you) uninteresting letter to a conclusion. I can write but upon one subject, think of but one person. Farewell, my friend. I wish you all the happiness that has been denied to the unfortunate "Andrew Marney."

Harriet perused this epistle with a sneer of the most bitter contempt upon her lips.

"What an infatuation for such a creature!" she said, crushing the paper in her hand. "What idiots men make of themselves!"

This conversation of the young people, which had been hitherto seemingly unnoticed by Sir William, was here interrupted by that gentleman suddenly turning round to Armstrong and saying:

"What is all this about, Andrew? What do you know about him, and when did you last hear from him?"

Armstrong hesitated before replying, but before he could do so, Sir William, noticing his embarrassment, and having other reasons for a private conversation, proposed that they should leave the ladies and adjourn to the library, to which Armstrong gladly acceded.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BOY WRECKER;

OR,

THE WAIF OF THE WAVE.

A Romance of Sea and Shore.

BY

Col. PRENTISS INGRAHAM,

Author of "The Cuban Patriot," "The Masked Spy," "Tracked Through Life," "The Skeleton Corsair," "The Boy Pilot," "The Surf Angel," Etc.

CHAPTER XI.

DRIVEN TO HIS LAIR.

The position in which the Sea Belle was left in the ending of the last chapter, was one of extreme peril, and one which both Earl and Arab fully realized, the former with determined courage to conquer, or die game, the latter with almost brutal indifference.

Upon the flying craft every eye upon the shore was turned with interest, yet none looked upon the exciting scene with more intense anxiety than did the small group at the Jew's house, and many were the expressions of admiration Earl won from the beautiful mother and daughter, and the trader Isaac.

Should his vessel's draught be two great for the inlet, and the keel strike while she was driven on at such a mad pace, by both wind and tide, Earl knew that the Sea Belle would go to pieces in a few moments. Also, should a shot from the cutter, not a mile away, carry away his mast, or tear through his hull, capture was certain, while, if the gang of running guards, hastening to pour upon him a volley of musketry, should prove true marksmen, his chances of life were very slim.

Then, if he escaped these three evils, with the rising storm and rough sea, he felt that there was a strong possibility of the American brig overhauling him outside, unless he could dodge her by running other dangerous inlets, through islands lying down the coast.

As well as Earl saw his dangers, so did the pursuers, and they felt that yet he might be taken, or dismantled; but his boldness won the admiration of every officer and seaman on board the American brig of war, which having gained an offing, headed down the coast under all the canvas her spars dare carry.

"Well, Arab, a few hundred feet more, and we'll be out in the sea," cried Earl joyously, when three-fourths of the inlet had been left behind them.

"Mighty bad reef of rock to go over yet, and dem darn cusses is hurryin' up putty peart to get a shot at us," replied Arab, pointing to where a string of dark forms were seen, running at full speed across the sandy belt of land.

Then he continued, "Guess I git do muskets and give 'em a shot."

"No, Arab, I do not wish life taken unless necessary. See, we are out of their range now, and—by Heaven! she touches—no, only grazed—and we are over. Hurrah!"

The wild cry of Earl was taken up by Arab, who now seemed to be imbued with new life, for he at once commenced a double shuffle upon the yacht's deck.

"Now, Arab, haul in the main sheet, and we'll jibe it over, for we can't lose time in going about, as yonder looms up the brig in the distance."

Aiding the negro in his work, the huge mainsail was soon jibed to the other quarter, the yacht running her lee rail under as it went over, but coming up again instantly and standing on her course.

"We are carrying too much canvas, Arab, but we must do it; see how she keeps her lee rail under all the time, and the wind is increasing," and Earl glanced somewhat anxiously around him.

"It better to be drown den hung," bluntly returned the negro, and once more the boyish spirit broke forth as the youth replied:

"How do you know, Arab? did you ever try the difference."

"I almighty feard we's hope gwine to git a chance, chile."

"To try which death, Arab, hangin or drowning?"

"I be darn if I know; yonder comes de brig; here am de storm."

"Both of which we shall keep from destroying us, Arab. Lower away the mainsail to her highest reefing cattle, and then haul down the staysail. Hullo! there is one in the cabin whom I had forgotten; his life is at stake as well as ours, so open the hatches, and call him up to aid you."

"Dat's so," cried Arab, and instantly he opened the hatches, and called out:

"Massa Leftenant, please come up here, sah."

"Aye, Aye," said a cheery voice, and the next moment the slender form and womanly face of Guy Vernon, the lieutenant of the Pirate Leon St. Elme stepped upon deck.

"We are pursued, sir, and the storm also threatens us with ruin, so I called you up to aid in reefing down," quietly said Earl, gazing with staring eyes into the face of the man before him.

"I would have aided you before, had you desired it," quietly responded the lieutenant, who was attired in a suit of white duck, and wore a slouch hat upon his head.

"I had forgotten you were on board, sir; but it is not too late now to be of service."

The lieutenant took the hint, and springing forward to the aid of Arab the yacht was soon stripped for the storm, which soon broke with fury upon the devoted little craft.

Through the long hours of the storm night, Earl St. Vale held the helm of his gallant craft, until just after day break, he ran the gauntlet through the rough waters of the channel leading into the island retreat.

But, there, some six miles astern, and following like a hound on his track, was the American brig, coming rapidly on and driving him into his lair.

CHAPTER XII.

A STARTLING RECOGNITION.

Arriving at the landing in the creek and near the cabin, Earl was greeted with a cheer of welcome by Carl Vassar, his wife, and Violet, who stood on the shore, and the youth was about to make known who was his strange companion when, with a cry of agony, the pirate lieutenant started back, tottered, and fell to the deck in a deep swoon.

Instantly Carl Vassar and his wife rushed forward, for there was something in the tones of that voice and in the pale upturned face which seemed to move them deeply.

Kneeling beside the unconscious officer, coat and shirt were torn quickly aside by the woman, who cried, in a voice of deepest feeling of commingled sorrow and joy:

"Carl, it is she! It is Helen!"

The strong man turned as livid as death, bent one long glance into the face and form, and said, in a subdued and choking voice:

"Yes, Maud; it is our lost Helen."

Tenderly the form of the disguised woman was raised in the powerful arms of Carl Vassar, and borne quickly to the cabin, his wife following and bolting the door behind her, while Earl and Violet, and even the stoical Arab, awaited in impatient anxiety the *denouement* of the strange scene they had witnessed.

After several hours' delay, in which time Earl had made known to Violet his adventures, dwelling in his narrative particularly upon the beauty of his fair guide, Pearl, Carl Vassar came from the cabin with slow step, and leading upon his arm was the form of the pirate lieutenant, no longer clothed in man's attire, but in one of Violet's dresses.

Behind the two came the wife and mother, her face wearing an expression the youth and maiden had never seen thereon before.

"Earl, Violet," and Carl Vassar's voice trembled as he spoke, "this is our own child, Helen Vassar, and you, Violet, have none of our blood glowing in your veins."

"Thank God!" murmured the maiden, but in a voice so low that only Earl had caught the words.

"Many years ago," continued Carl, "our Helen, then in her seventeenth year, became, as we believed, the wife of a man—an officer in the United States navy. That man turned out to be none other than Leon the Pirate Chief; but, woman-like, Helen clung to him in all of his crimes, and was appointed by him an officer of his vessel. Three weeks ago Leon lost his schooner, and escaped with Helen and a few of his crew, and by a strange coincidence, she now comes here to find her mother and father, whom long since she believed dead. If Helen has sinned, so have we, even far more; but now we have forgiven each other the evil past, and, united once more, will strive to find what happiness there is yet in life for us. You, Violet, are the daughter of parents who left you and a large fortune to our guardianship, and which trust I sadly abused. But all will yet come right, child, I hope. And Earl, of your life I can tell you much; but not now, boy, not now, as there is too much to make known to you to pass it over lightly."

The wrecker ceased speaking, and while Violet sat down with her haughty head bowed in her hands, as if in deep grief, Earl St. Vale silently walked away and took a path leading to one of the island lookouts.

When Earl arrived upon the cliff he glanced seaward in every direction for the brig of war, but nowhere was she visible, and a look of almost superstitious astonishment at her disappearance was stealing over his face, when from far below him came the sound of a ship's bell striking six bells.

"My Lord! what did she ever go in there for! And if the storm sweeps to the right-about, as is usual in this latitude, there is no escape for her," he said, with a look of alarm at the fate of the crew upon his fine face.

The anchorage chosen by the brig was indeed one of the greatest danger should the wind suddenly shift around to the northwest, for she was lying far in under the lee of the island, in a cove almost entirely surrounded by reefs, and only a narrow channel, through which she had passed, was open to her.

Coming in as she did with soundings, and under the lee of the lofty island cliffs, it was, though a daring, still a possible thing, and yet her commander must have had strong reasons for thus risking the safety of his ship and crew.

But to go out, should the change occur in the elements, was entirely another thing, and thus it was that Earl felt the greatest anxiety for the brig's safety.

Upon the brig's deck her officers and crew seemed wholly unmindful of danger, until there came a sudden lull in the storm, followed by a dead calm.

Pacing the quarterdeck was the same commander who had appeared at the broil between the midshipmen and Earl, and near him were several of his senior officers.

As the sudden calm fell upon the sea, and the storm-clouds yet looked most threatening, the captain turned, glanced around him, and said slowly, addressing his executive officer:

"Lowell, I fear I did wrong to run in here, for this is a very changeable latitude, and we may be caught in a box."

"It seems so, captain; but when we anchored here there was half a gale of wind blowing from over this island," replied the lieutenant.

"If there was a catspaw of wind I would try and work out, but——"

"Suppose I order out the boats, sir, for a tow."

"No, Lowell, the tide sets in so rapidly we could not advance a fathom. Curse that pirate chief, to have thus brought us here!"

"You are assured that he was on the yacht, sir?"

"Yes, Lowell, for I learned from a Spanish merchant that the yacht belonged to Leon the Pirate, and that he was on board of her."

"Yet, it was not the chief that so skilfully handled the daring craft during the chase."

"No; the one who held the helm was a youth whom I met yesterday afternoon on the plaza. He had severely punished Midshipmen Saunders and Wright for insulting him, and I took a great fancy to the boy. His daring conduct last night proves he is every inch a man, though he can scarcely be more than eighteen."

"A handsome fellow too, captain, as I saw by my glass, with the aid of the blue light."

"Yes, Lowell; a superb-looking fellow. Ha! by heaven, the gale is shifting, and our only hope is in our anchors—if they fail us, may God have mercy upon us," and the brig's commander rapidly gave his orders for the safety of his vessel.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BOY PILOT.

With fearful velocity the gale had suddenly swept around to the southeast, and not a man on board was there who did not fully realize his terrible danger.

As if to make the situation of the brig still more precarious, the gale increased tenfold in violence, and the seas were lashed into a boiling cauldron of foam and mountain waves, while darkness rapidly coming on rendered the scene one of fearful peril.

"Lowell, there may be some one on this island whom a merciful heart or love of gold may tempt to face this tempest and come to our aid, so fire signal guns, for already are our cables straining, and the weight of the storm and sea has not reached us yet."

The brave commander spoke in the cool, quiet tones of one who did not fear to die, and cheerily his young lieutenant answered:

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Then into the darkness flashed the light of a heavy gun, and like the mighty crash of thunder pealed forth the brazen notes of woe, imploring succor from the land.

Ere the third gun had sent its echoes rumbling along the cliff, there was a sudden flash of light ashore, a red lantern was whirled three times around, as if encircling the head of a man, and then the rosy light became stationary, and sent forth its feeble ray across the waters.

A cheer from the brig's crew greeted this signal, and every eye was strained shoreward to catch a glimpse of approaching succor.

"Boat ho!" suddenly rang out a voice from far aft.

"Where away, Saunders?" cried the captain addressing one of the recreant midshipmen, who was most anxious to redeem his character in the eyes of his commander.

"There she rises on a wave."

"Yes, I see her," cried the captain, and a dozen voices called out:

"A boat! a pilot!"

"A bold fellow that," said Lieutenant Lowell, as in the dim light he beheld a small boat with but a single occupant daringly breasting the waves.

"Pull, my brave man; pull with a will," cried the captain, and a cheer from the crew encouraged the struggling oarsman.

With gigantic strength the bold boatman came on, slowly but surely, until he was under the lee of the brig's stern, and a line was thrown him.

"My boat is a light one; please lower me another line, and haul it aboard," said a calm, clear voice, perfectly unmoved by the danger of his situation.

"Ay, ay," cried the captain, and instantly the boat and its occupant were drawn upon the brig's deck.

"What! you here?" and the commander started back as he beheld Earl St. Vale standing before him.

"Yes, sir; I came out to pilot you out of your danger; here you will be dashed to pieces within half an hour."

"I know it; but do you not fear to trust yourself on this deck, when you know that we recognize in you a comrade of Leon the Pirate?"

"Sir? I, a comrade of that vile man? Captain, you have certainly been misinformed, for I would offer up my very life to bring that man to his death," and Earl spoke with great excitement.

"One moment; did you not run a yacht out of the harbor last night?"

"I did, sir."

"Was not Leon the Pirate on board?"

"He was not, sir; but in the cabin I had one of his officers whom my negro companion had made a prisoner, and had the Spanish cutter and your brig not have driven me to sea, I would have had the Pirate Chief now in my power; but, captain, your vessel is in terrible danger here, and I have come to save her."

"True; I await your orders," quietly responded the commander.

"Every man to his post! Up with these anchors, men; and lively too, for your lives are at stake. Captain, let the mizzensail be set, and she must also bear her staysails and jib."

Quickly the men sprang to obey the orders of the Boy Wrecker, and in fifteen minutes after his arrival on deck the brig was bounding seaward in the very teeth of the gale, and with a mass of foaming rocks upon every hand.

Taking his stand at the wheel for a moment, and observing how the brig minded her helm, Earl then ran forward and sprang into the rathlines, and braced himself firmly there. Rapidly his gaze swept on every side of him, now seaward, then upon either quarter, and again turned upon the red lantern he had left in shore.

On swept the noble brig, and the heart of every man on board stood still as she was beating up towards the only outlet from the cove, for no one could discern where was the opening in the reefs through which they had entered, so white was the sea all around them.

"Port your helm!" suddenly rang out the clear voice of the Boy Pilot, and the brig's commander, who, with his lieutenant and a midshipman, held the wheel, replied:

"Port it is."

"Hard-a-port!"

"Hard-a-port it is."

"Steady!"

"Steady 'tis."

"Starboard your helm—lively to starboard!"

"Ay, ay."

"Steady!"

And thus rang out the orders quick and stern, until the noble brig had passed through the wall of foaming rocks, and was in comparatively safe waters.

Springing down from his perch, Earl walked aft and said quietly:

"Captain, the gale is blowing itself out, sir, and you will have no more trouble; if you will have my boat launched when we go about on the starboard tack, I will leave you."

"What! you will risk yourself in that shell in this sea?"

"Certainly, sir; it is a life-boat, and when we have passed yonder point, I will be under the lee of the island and can easily run in through the regular channel."

"It shall be as you wish, young man; but not until you have been liberally rewarded shall you leave my vessel."

"Captain, I save not human life for the price of gold, sir; I have my reward in your safety."

"Stay; your words to me to-night, about the pirate Leon, I believe; but tell me, what cause had you to fly from the Spanish cutter?"

"Pardon me, sir, if I refuse to answer you; see, the brig has passed the point, and now you are safe; can I go now?"

"Certainly; but remember, if you ever need a friend, come aboard this brig and you will find one. There is much I would ask you regarding your life, and those who live on this island, but I will not pry into your affairs by questions, but trust to fortune and myself to find out all I would know. Good-bye, and remember to come to me should you need aid," and the commander warmly grasped Earl's hand, who replied:

"I will, sir, and I thank you; gentlemen, good night."

As the brig put about he went over the side into his little boat, seized the oars, and was soon lost to sight of those who watched him, as he headed in towards the island, perfectly fearless, and confident in his own powers to rescue himself from danger.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REVIEWER.

We learn that Mr. Howard Challen has in preparation the Philadelphia Trade Directory, for the Centennial Year, designed to place every branch of business in this city, engaged in manufacturing Books, Stationery and Fancy Goods, before the Book and Stationery Trade of the United States. In the Preliminary Chapter he will present Historical and Biographical Sketches, together with statistics and general information of interest to the Trade generally. In the Classified Department every firm engaged, directly or indirectly, in the manufacture of Books, Stationery, or other articles sold by Booksellers, Stationers, and Fancy Good Dealers will be alphabetically arranged and classified; and in the Advertising Department the repective firms can fully designate their facilities to supply the Trade. Mr. Challen's enterprise deserves, and will no doubt receive the cordial support of the Trade of this city.

From Porter & Coates, Publishers, Philadelphia.

The Mysterious Island. Or, Dropped from the Clouds. By Jules Verne, Author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," "Around the World in Eighty Days," etc. Published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.

This is the most elaborate, attractive, and at the same time, instructive work yet offered to the lovers of the wonderful by this popular author. The "Mysterious Island," is, in brief, a new Robinson Crusoe, with all the modern improvements. The heroes of the story escape in a stolen balloon from Richmond, on the 20th of March, 1865, when that City was besieged by General Grant, and five days later are "dropped from the clouds," on to an island in the Indian Ocean, and the description of the ingenious methods by which they managed to exist on this uninhabited island, and the appliances through which they finally effected their deliverance, evince a wonderfully accurate knowledge of the capabilities of science.

From J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.

Wild Hyacinth. By Mrs. Randolph.

This is an exceedingly well written story of English life, skilfully told, and perfectly healthy in its tone. Of course, it is a love story; the interest, which is strong, is cleverly sustained, and some of the incidents are marked by a vivid dramatic intensity. But there is nothing "sensational" about the book, the only scene at all approaching it being the death of Hyacinth's unhappy lover.

Sevenoaks, a Story of To-day. By J. G. Holland, author of "Arthur Bonnicastle," etc., with 12 full page illustrations after original designs, by Sol. Eytinge. Publishers, Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.

In this, his latest prose work, Dr. Holland has undertaken to present some typical American characters, and especially to throw light upon a phase of New York life, the outside of which, at least, is familiar to every reader. The characters in the book each suggest some real person whom the reader has known or read about. But it is not this alone that has made "Sevenoaks" so popular during its serial publication in Scribner's Monthly. The construction of the plot, development of character, and the "writing up" of the story is so graphically and carefully effected that it cannot fail to be read with eager and sustained interest. The book is enlivened too, by those sympathetic touches of character and genial philosophies that we always find in Dr. Holland's Stories, and which constitute no small part of their attraction.

Delisser's Horseman's Guide. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York.

In a very conveniently handy form for the pocket, we have here a great deal of valuable information, such as the laws on warranty, rules in purchasing and selling horses, an account of what constitutes soundness and unsoundness, rules for examining horses, exposure of various tricks and impositions practised by some jockeys, etc.

The American Trapper and Trap-maker's Guide. By Stanley Harding. Publishers, Dick & Fitzgerald, New York.

A Treatise on Trapping, Snaring, and Netting.

From T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Cipriba: or, The Secrets of a Picture Gallery. By G. W. Reynolds.

Marrying Beneath Your Station. By Mrs. Henry Wood.

This is a short story with a very slight plot; but very interesting withal.

Life in Paris: or, The Adventures of Alfred De Rohann in the French Metropolis. By Geo. W. Reynolds.

The author seems to be well acquainted with the manners and customs of the gay capital of France, and gives a very entertaining account of the adventures of his hero in that city.

Parkwater; or, Told in the Twilight. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne."

This is an entirely new work from the pen of Mrs. Wood, and has just been completed in "The Argosy," of which magazine she is the editress. It will be sure to command a large share of attention from the novel-reading community.

THE MAGIC NAME.

I told the rose thy name—it blushed and stirred;
Its petals trembled as in ecstasy;
I cried thy name aloud—and lo! the bird
Burst into song within the thick-leaved tree.

I spake it when the morn was gray and cold,
And straight from out his east upshot the sun;
I spake it in the night—the clouds that rolled
Above dispersed; the stars came one by one.

Should any whisper it when on my face
The dark earth lies, sleeping under-ground,
I think my heart again would beat apace,
And that my lips would tremble at the sound.

And if before the gates of heaven I came,
And could for my own worth no entrance win,
I think that then, if I should name thy name,
The eternal doors would swing and let me in.

THE SPECTRAL CONDOR.

A Story of the South Sea.

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

[This story was commenced in No. 14, Vol. 35. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XIII.

A "GOLPE DE CABALLO."

The bright Californian sun is declining towards the crest of the Coast Range, when two horsemen, coming from the Pacific side, commenced ascending the ridge. As the sultry hours have passed, and a chill breeze blows from the outside ocean, they have thrust their heads through the central slits of their cloaks—these being *mangas*—leaving the circular skirts to droop down below their knees, while draping back, cavalry fashion, over the hips of their horses. The color of these garments—one scarlet, the other sky-blue—enable us to identify the wearers as Don Francisco de Lara and Don Faustino Calderon; for in truth it is they, returning from the *pelea de gallos* at Punta Pedro.

They have seen Diaz, and arranged everything about the duel. Faustino has finally determined upon fight. Instigated by his more courageous confederate, and with further pressing on the part of Diaz—a sort of Californian bravo—his courage has been at length screwed up to the necessary pitch; and kept there by the potent spirit of Catalan brandy, found freely circulating around the cock-pit. A flask of this he has brought away with him, at intervals taking a pull from it as he rides along the road. Under its influence he has become quite valiant; and swears that if he can but again set eyes upon the English *guardia-marina*, he will affront him in such a fashion as to leave him no loophole to escape from being the challenger. *Carria!* he will do as De Lara has recommended; cuff the young officer, kick him, spit in his face, anything to provoke the *gringo* to a fight—that yellow-haired cub without a *bigote* or beard. And if the cur won't fight, then he shall apologise—get down upon his knees, acknowledge him, Faustin Calderon, the better man, and for ever after surrender all claim to the smiles, as to the hand, of Inez Alvarez!

With this swaggering talk he entertains his companion, as the two are returning to town. De Lara, less noisy, is nevertheless also excited. The fiery Catalonian spirit has affected him too. Not to strengthen his courage, for of this he has already enough; but to remove the weight from off his soul, which, after the scene at Don Gregorio's, had been pressing heavily upon it.

Six hours have since elapsed, and for the first three he has been brooding over his humiliation, his spirit prostrate in the dust. But the alcohol has again raised it to a pitch of exultation; especially when he reflects upon the prospect of the sure and speedy vengeance he is determined to take. It does not occur to him to doubt of success. With thorough reliance on his skill as a swordsman, he feels sure of it. Though also a good shot, he prefers the steel for his weapon; like most men of the southern Latinic race, who believe Northerners to be very bunglers at sword-play, though admitting their superiority in the handling of the pistol. As things stand, unlike his comrade Calderon, he will have the choice of weapons. His intended antagonist was the first to demand the card and must needs be challenger.

As the two ride on they talk alternately, both giving vent to their spleen—the man of courage as the coward. If not so loud or boastingly as his companion, De Lara expresses himself with a more spiteful and earnest determination; repeating much of what he has already said at an earlier hour, but with added emphasis.

Once he has the English officer at his rapier's point, and will show him no mercy, but run him through without the slightest compunction. In vain may his adversary cry "Quarter!" There can be none conceded after what has that day passed between them. "*Maldita!* it shall be a duel to the death!" he exclaims, after having given way to a series of threats, the words pronounced with an *impressement* that shows him truly, terribly in earnest.

They have been carrying on this excited dialogue as their horses climbed the slope from the Pacific side, its steepness hindering them from going at their usual gait—a gallop. On rising the ridge's crest, and catching sight of San Francisco, with its newly painted white walls and shining roofs, reflected red in the rays of the setting sun, De Lara, suddenly remembering the pressure upon him as to time, strikes the spur sharp against his horse's ribs, and puts the animal to speed. The other imitating his example, they dash on towards Dolores.

They have no intention to make stop at the Mission. But on reaching it, they draw up, obedient to the hail of a man seen standing in the door of a little tavern or *tinacal*, frequented by the lower class of native Californians. A rough, swarthy-skinned fellow, in a garb that proclaims his calling to have connection with the sea, though not that of a sailor. He may be a shore boatman—perhaps a *pescador*—though, judging by his general appearance, and the sinister cast of his countenance, he might well pass for a pirate.

Stopping a few paces out from the tinacal he salutes the two horsemen, who have halted in the middle of the road to await his approach. Despite his coarse, brutal aspect, and common habiliments, he is evidently on terms of familiarity with both—the style of his salutation showing it. It is with DeLara, however, his business lies, as signified by his saying:

"I want a word with you, Don Francisco."

"What is it, Rocas? Anything about seal-skins?" asks the Creole, laying a significant emphasis on the last word.

"*Carramba!* No. Something of more importance than that."

"Money, then?"

"Money."

"Do you wish our speech to be private?"

"Just now, yes. Perhaps, in time, Don Faustino—"

"Oh!" interrupts the ganadero, "do not let me stand in the way. I'll ride slowly on; you can overtake me, Don Francisco."

"Do," says De Lara, at the same time stooping down in his saddle, and continuing the conversation with Rocas, in tone so low as to prevent their speech being overheard by two queer-looking customers who have just stepped out of the tinacal, and stand loitering at its door.

Whatever Rocas may have said, it appears to make a vivid impression on the gambler. His eyes kindle up with a strange light, in which surprise is succeeded by an expression of cupidity; while his manner proclaims that the revelation made to him is not only important, as he has been forewarned, but also very pleasing. Their muttered dialogue is of brief duration; but ends with a speech which shows it to be only preliminary to a further conference.

"I shall be with you to-morrow, by mid-day."

It is De Lara who has said this; after which adding: "*Adios, Don Rafael! Hasta manana!*" he gives his horse the spur, and gallops to overtake his travelling companion, Rocas sauntering back towards the tavern.

On coming up with the ganadero, De Lara rides on silently by his side without showing any desire to satisfy Calderon's curiosity. He but piques it by saying that Rocas has made a communication of an intensely interesting kind; which he will impart to him, Faustino, in due time; but now there are other matters of quite as much importance to be attended to. The fighting is before them, to be attended to. The fighting is before them; and that cannot be set aside. Calderon wishes it could: for the flask has been some time forgotten, and the spirit has been getting cold within him.

"Take another pull!" counsels his companion; "you may need it. We'll soon be in the town, and perhaps the first man we meet will be your yellow-haired rival."

Scarcely had the words passed De Lara's lips when something in front fixes their attention. At some distance along the road a cloud of dust is ascending; in its midst a darker nucleus, distinguishable as the forms of horses with riders on their backs. There appeared to be four of them, filed two and two.

Plying their spurs and galloping close the gamblers perceive that this equestrian party is proceeding in the same direction as themselves—towards the town. But they are soon near enough to know that such is not their destination. For, despite the enshrouding dust, they have no difficulty in identifying those who are before them. The horses are the same seen that morning, saddled and bridled in front of Don Gregorio's house. Two of the riders are Carmen Montijo and Inez Alvarez; the other two—At this point conjecture terminates. De Lara certain, and no longer able to control himself, cries out:

"*Carajo!* it's they returning from their excursion—paired off, as I supposed they would be! Now, Calderon, you have your chance sooner than you expected. And without seeking—a lucky omen. There's your rival riding by the side of your sweetheart, and pouring soft speech into her ear. Now's your time to set things straight—insult him to your heart's content. I feel like giving fresh affront to mine."

He draws rein, bringing his horse to a halt. Calderon does the same. Scanning the equestrians ahead, they see them two and two, the pairs some ten or twelve paces apart. Crozier and Carmen are in the advance, Cadwallader and Inez behind. De Lara looks not at the latter couple; his eyes are all upon the former, staring with fixed intensity, ful of jealous fire, with a glare such as only a tiger might give, as he sees Carmen turn towards her escorting cavalier and bend over, he to her, till their heads are close together, and their lips seem to meet.

"*Carrai!* they are kissing!" exclaims the Creole, in a tone of bitter exasperation.

He can bear it no longer. With a shout, half angry, half anguished, he digs his spur deep, and dashes forward.

The clattering of hoofs behind first warns Cadwallader, who is nearest to the noise; for, up to this time, the lovers, absorbed in sweet converse, dream not of danger behind. The young Welshman, glancing back, sees what it is, and at the same time hears De Lara's wild cry. Intuitively he understands that some outrage is intended—a repetition of the morning's work, with doubtless something more. Quickly he draws his dirk, not now to be used in sport, for the mere pricking a horse, but in earnest, to be buried in the body of a man if need be. This resolve can be read in his attitude, in his eyes, in his features. These no longer bent in a laugh of reckless boyhood, but in the rigid, resolute determination of manhood. Badly as he sits his horse, it will not do now to dash against him. The collision might cost life—in all likelihood that of the aggressor.

De Lara sweeps past him without a word, without even taking notice of him. His affair is with one further on.

But now Calderon is coming up, clearly with the intent to assault, as shown in his eyes. Suddenly, however, their expression changes at sight of the bared blade—that diabolical dirk. Despite the pull he has just taken from the flask, his courage fails him, and crestfallen, as a knight compelled to lower his plume, he too passes Cadwallader without a word, riding on after De Lara. He overtakes the latter in time to be spectator of a scene, in its commencement somewhat similar to that enacted by himself, but with very different results.

Crozier, whose ear has also caught the sounds from behind, draws bridle and looks back. He sees De Lara making towards him, and at a glance divines the intent. It is a *golpe de caballo*, or collision of horses, a common mode of assault among Spanish Californians. Instead of turning aside to avoid it, he of Shropshire determines on a different course. He knows he is upon a strong horse, and feels confident he can stay there. With this confidence he faces towards the advancing enemy, and, after taking true bearing, spurs straight at him. Breast to breast the horses meet, shoulder to shoulder the men. Not a word between these, both too maddened to speak. Only a cry from Carmen Montijo, a shriek from Inez Alvarez, heard simultaneously with the shock.

When it is over, Don Francisco De Lara is seen rolling upon the road, his horse kicking and floundering in the dust beside him. Regaining his feet, the Californian rushes to get hold of a pistol, whose butt protrudes from his saddle-holster. He is too late. Cadwallader has come up, and dropping down out of his saddle as if from a ship's shrouds, makes himself master of the weapon and its companion. Disarmed, and his glittering attire dust-bedaubed, De Lara stands in the middle of the road, irresolute, discomfited, conquered. He can do nothing now, save storm and threaten, interlarding his threats with curses—"*Carajos!*" spitefully pronounced.

The ladies, at Crozier's request, have ridden on ahead, so that their ears are not offended.

After listening to the ebullition of his impotent spleen, Cadwallader all the while loudly laughing at it, Crozier, in a serious tone, says:

"Mr. De Lara—for your card tells me that is your name—take a sailor's advice; go quietly to your quarters, stow yourself out of sight, and stay there till your temper cools down. We don't want you to walk. You shall have your horse, though not your shooting-irons. These I shall take care of myself, and may return them to you when next we meet. The same advice to you, sir," he adds, addressing Calderon, who stands near, equally cowed and crestfallen.

After dictating these humiliating conditions, which, *nolens volens*, the defeated bravos are obliged to accept, the young officers remount their horses and trot off to rejoin the ladies.

Having overtaken these, they continue their homeward ride, with no fear of its being again interrupted by a "golpe de caballo."

CHAPTER XIV.

HASTA CADIZ.

On leaving Captain Lantanas, Don Gregorio returns to his house, though not direct. He has business to transact in the town, which stays him. He has to see Don Tomas Silvestre, the shipping agent, and give directions about inserting the advertisement for sailors. That is an affair that will occupy only a few minutes.

But he has another with the agent of a more important kind. He is intimately acquainted with Silvestre, who is, like himself, a Peninsular Spaniard and a Biscayan. Don Gregorio knows he can trust him, and does, telling him all he has told Lantanas, making further known the arrangement he has entered into for passages to Panama, and instructing him to assist the Chilian skipper in procuring a crew. The more confidential matter relates to the shipment of his gold-dust.

He trembles to think of the risk he runs of losing it. San Francisco is filled with queer characters, men who would stick at nothing. Don Tomas knows this without being told. The thought haunts the hacendado like a spectre that he will have his treasure taken from him by theft, burglary or bold open robbery. He has good reason for so thinking.

Among the latest accessions to the population of San Francisco all three classes of criminals are represented, and in no stinted numbers. There are ticket-of-leave men from Australia, jail-birds from the penitentiaries of the United States, 'scape-the-gallows customers from every quarter of the globe, to say nothing of the native bandits, of which California has its share. If known to these that gold-dust to the value of three hundred thousand dollars was lying unguarded in the house of Don Gregorio Montijo, it would not be there many days or nights. Its owner has done what he could to keep it a secret, but the sale and transfer of his land have leaked out, as also the handsome price obtained and paid over to him, hence the natural inference being that the cash must be deposited somewhere. And every one well knows it must be in gold-dust, since banks have not yet been established, and there are not obtainable notes enough to cover a tenth part of the amount. He has tried to convert it thus, as more convenient for carriage and safety, but failed.

In fine, after confiding his fears to Silvestre, and taking counsel from him, he decides upon the plan, already in part communicated to Captain Lantanas, of having the endangered gold-dust secretly conveyed to the Condor as soon as possible. Don Tomas will provide the boat, with a trusty sailor servant he has attached to his establishment, to assist in the removal and rowing. They can take it aboard without passing through the town, or at all touching at the port. The boat can be brought to the beach below Don Gregorio's house, and the gold quietly carried down to it. Thence they can transport it direct to the ship. Once there, Lantanas will know how to dispose of it; and surely it will be safe in his custody—at all events safer there than anywhere else in San Francisco. So thinks Don Gregorio, the ship agent agreeing with him.

Soon everything is settled, for they spend not many minutes in discussing the matter. The hacendado knows that by this time his house will be empty, excepting the servants, for the ride on which his girls have gone was arranged by himself to gratify his expected visitors. He thinks apprehensively of the unprotected treasure, and longs to be beside it. So remounting the stout horse that brought him to town, he rides hastily home.

On arrival there he retires to his sleeping apartment, where he spends the remainder of the day, and gives orders not to be called until the party of equestrians come back. But, although confining himself to the chamber, he does not go to bed, nor otherwise take repose. On the contrary, he is busy throughout the whole afternoon getting ready his treasure for the surreptitious transport, for it is there in the room—has been ever since it came into his possession. Almost fearing to trust it out of his sight, he sleeps beside it. Some of it is in bags, some in boxes, and he now rearranges it in the most convenient form for carriage to the Condor, and safe stowage in her cabin lockers.

He has not yet completed his task, when he hears the trampling of hoofs on the graveled sweep outside. The riding-party has returned; the *zaguan*-bell rings; the heavy door grates back on its hinges; and soon after the horses, with the riders still on their backs, stand panting in the *patio*.

The master of the house sallies forth to receive his guests. He sees them hastening to assist the ladies in dismounting. But, before either cavalier can come near them, both leap lightly out of their saddles, and gliding into the corridor, fling their arms around Don Gregorio's neck, daughter and granddaughter alike styling him "papa." They are effusively affectionate—more than usually so—for this night both have a favor to ask of him. And he knows, or can guess what it is. He has not been blind to what has been passing between them and the young English officers. He suspects that vows have been exchanged—a double proposal made—and anticipates a demand upon himself to sanction it. In both cases he is prepared to do so, for he is not unacquainted with the character and social standing of those seeking an alliance with him. He has been aboard the British frigate, and from Captain Bracebridge obtained information on these points—satisfactory in every sense. Both the young officers bear an excellent character. Though differing in other respects, they are alike skilled in their profession—each "every inch a seaman," as their commander worded it. Besides both are of good family; Cadwallader moderately rich, Crozier in prospect of great wealth—either of them fit mate for the proudest senora in Spain.

His reason for supposing that on this day engagements have been entered into is, that the young officers are about to take departure from the port. The Crusader is under admiralty orders to sail for the Sandwich Islands as soon as a corvette coming thence reaches San Francisco. Captain Bracebridge has been commissioned by the British government to transact some diplomatic business with King Kame-Kamena. That done, he is to look in at Mazatlan, Acapulo, and some other Mexican ports, as also Panama and Callao, then home—afterwards to join the Mediterranean squadron. As the Crusader, on her way to the Mediterranean, will surely call at Cadiz, the vows this day exchanged on the shore of the Pacific can be conveniently renewed on the other side of the Atlantic.

At dinner, which is served soon after, and in sumptuous style, Don Gregorio makes his guests aware of the fact that he has secured passages for Panama, and may leave San Francisco as soon as they. He confides to them the secret of his having chartered the Chilian ship—in short, telling them all he has told the skipper—echoing the lament made by the latter about his difficulty in obtaining a crew.

"Perhaps," rejoins Crozier, after hearing this, "I can help him to at least one good sailor. Do you think, Will," he continues, addressing himself to the young Welshman, "that Harry Blew is still in San Francisco? Or has he gone off to the diggings?"

"I fancy he's still here," responds Cadwallader. "He was aboard the Crusader only the day before yesterday, having a shake hands with his old comrades of the forecastle."

"Who is the Senor Bloo?" asks the hacendado.

"A true British tar—if you know what that means, Don Gregorio—lately belonging to our ship, and one of the best sailors on her books. He's off them now, as his time was out, and like many another, though not better man, has made up his mind to go gold-seeking on the Sacramento. Still, if he be not yet gone, I think I might persuade him to bear a hand on the craft you speak of. It was once Harry's sinister luck to fall overboard in the harbor of Guaymas—dropping almost into the jaws of a *tintorero* shark—and my good-fortune to be able to rescue him out of his perilous plight. He's not the man to be ungrateful, and if still in San Francisco, I think you may count upon him for taking service on board the Chilian ship. True, he's only one, but worth two—ay, ten. He not only knows a ship, but on a pinch could take a lunar, and make good any port in the Pacific."

"A most valuable man!" exclaims Don Gregorio; "would be worth his weight in gold to Captain Lantanas. I'm sure the Chilian skipper would at once make him his mate. Do you suppose you can find him?"

"If in San Francisco, yes. We shall search for him this very night; and, if found, send him either to the Chilian skipper, or to the ship-agent you've spoken of—Silvestre. By the way, what's his address?"

"Here," answers Don Gregorio, drawing forth a card, and handing it across the table to Crozier. "That's the place where Don Tomas transacts business. It's but a poor little shed on the shore, near the new pier, lately constructed. Indeed, I believe he sleeps there—housерent being at present something fabulous."

"This will do," says Crozier, putting the card into his pocket. "If Harry Blew can be found, he'll not be far from Silvestre's office, if not to-night, by early daybreak to-morrow morning."

* * * * * *

It is not the custom of either Spaniards, or Spanish-Americans, to tarry long over the dinner-table. The cloth once removed, and the ladies gone, a glass or two of Port, Xeres, or Pedro Ximenes, and the gentlemen also retire; not for business, but recreation out of doors, so pleasant in southern climes.

Dona Carmen with her niece have ascended to the azotea, to enjoy the sweet twilight of a Californian summer; whither they are soon followed by Crozier and Cadwallader. The master of the house has for a time parted with them—under the excuse of having affairs to attend to. It is to complete the packing of his gold-dust. But, while emptying their last glass together, he has been approached by the young officers on that subject uppermost in their thoughts, and dearest to their hearts; asked if he be agreeable to become the father-in-law of one, and the—Cadwallader had difficulty in finding a word for it—grandfather-in-law of the other. To both he has given the same answer—"Yes." No wonder that, with bright faces and bounding step, they sprang up to the house-top, there to rejoin the senoritas.

Their tale told to the latter—who have been awaiting them in anxious expectation—will save both a world of confusion and blushes. No need now for them to talk to "papa." His consent has been obtained—they are aware he will keep his word.

Again the four, now formally betrothed, separate into twos, taking opposite sides of the azotea. They converse about the far future—that awaiting them at Cadiz. But the ladies cannot overlook or forget some perils more proximate. The retrospect of the day throws a shadow over the morrow. The encounter with De Lara and Calderon cannot end without further action. Not likely; and both aunt and niece recall it, questioning their now affianced lovers—adjuring them to refrain from fighting. These reply, making light of the matter—declaring confidence in their own strength and skill, whatever be the upshot—so assuring to their sweethearts that both believe them invincible, invulnerable. What woman is there who does not think the same of him who holds her heart?

Time passes; the last moments speed silently, in the old, old ecstasy of all-absorbing, tale-telling love.

Then the inevitable "Adios!" though sounding less harshly by favor of the added phrase, "*Hasta Cadiz!*" [Till we meet at Cadiz!]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHEAP WINDOW GARDEN.

Our articles on Window Gardening have already been the means of our receiving several letters enquiring as to the cheapest methods by which a little of summer's greenery may be transferred to our homes to cheer our heart, and keep alive faith in Nature's resurrection through the coming long, bleak months of winter. For the benefit of those who must needs consult economy in their striving after beauty, we will describe a very inexpensive arrangement for a window garden, which has been tried and has proved a source of infinite satisfaction for many years.

A piece of board, the length of the window-sill, and about a foot and a half in width, was fitted to slide easily inside the casing. As one side is supported by resting upon the sill only two legs were needed, which was procured at a turning-shop. A tin pan exactly the size of this stand and four inches in depth, was procured from the tinman. This was painted both inside and out, and when ready for use the bottom covered with a layer of fine charcoal upon which were set four-inch pots filled with slips of geraniums, foliage plants, &c. The pots were not set very closely, the space between being filled with black mold from the woods in which were planted a few wild ferns and a vine or two of that beautiful evergreen creeper so common in our forests, the *Mitchella repens*, sometimes called Squawberry or Partridge-berry. The bright scarlet berries of this vine will increase in size and remain perfect through the Winter unless there chance to be little fingers in the household, in which case they will probably mysteriously disappear before Spring. Another native plant, admirable for our window garden, and rivaling in beauty many a green-house variety, is the *Goodyera pubescens* or Rattlesnake-Plantain, with its beautifully veined leaves. Great care must be taken in transplanting these denizens of the wood to disturb the roots as little as possible.

After everything was in place a layer of moss was spread over the surface, concealing the pots and adding greatly to the beauty of the whole. A hanging garden was also made by fitting a piece of board similar to the first to rest upon the projection made by the lower sash, while a stout cord passing through two holes bored near the outer edge and fastened to a large nail driven at the top of the window frame, served to hold it securely. The pan for this will need to be a trifle smaller than the board. Around the edge were planted slips of the rapid growing jointed ivy which, trailing over the side and trained about the upper part of the window, soon formed a mass of verdure—an exquisite curtain of green.

AGRICULTURAL.

THE best fattening material for chickens is said to be Indian meal and milk.

FRESH meat scraps, liver, etc., should be fed to fowls. It is much to the advantage of fowls to have iron in their drinking water. Clean gravel and broken oyster shells may be given them with advantage, especially where their quarters are limited.

IT is almost incredible, but shamefully true, that the practice still prevails in enlightened England of "breaking off the teeth of sheep with pincers," a twin relic of that barbarism which cut out turkeys' tongues for the purpose of whitening their meat. The operation is performed—God knows with what uncouth surgery—simply to prevent the unfortunate creatures eating roots should they happen to break into the fields in which these are growing. It is about as reprehensible a way of saving a crop intact as could possibly be suggested.

THERE is nothing surpassing the single white Hyacinths for early Winter blooming, where cut-flowers is an object. A few bulbs potted and placed now in a warm sunny window, giving plenty of water, will remunerate us about the holidays or soon after with an abundance of pure white, fragrant flowers, which may be either used as they grow on the stem or the individual pips may be taken off and stemmed artificially. A few sprigs of some small-leaved Adiantum Fern will add grace and beauty to a bouquet formed of the above, and this is quite readily grown in a rather cool, shady corner.

KEEPING FRUIT IN RUSSIA.—Fruit is kept in Russia by being packed in creosotized lime. The lime is slacked in water in which a little creosote has been dissolved, and is allowed to fall to powder. The latter is spread over the bottom of a deal-box, to about one inch in thickness. A sheet of paper is laid above, and then the fruit. Over the fruit is another sheet of paper, then more lime, and so on until the box is full, when a little finely powdered charcoal is packed in the corners, and the lid tightly closed. Fruit thus enclosed, will, it is said, remain good for a year. We have constantly at this season these new and successful ways of preserving fruit; but they seldom are worth anything; and if otherwise who wants an apple or pear in June or July?

TWELVE RULES FOR SUCCESSFUL FARMING.—1. Drain and irrigate. 2. Plow deep and loosen the subsoil. 3. Provide good storage room for solid manure, and cisterns for the liquid manures. 4. Choose commercial fertilizers intelligently, and do not use one in excess of another, simply because others have used it. 5. Manure every crop which benefits by it; and manure high. 6. Cultivate only safe, paying crops; and select the best seed for these. 7. Cultivate every crop upon your fields, and in the proper rotation. 8. Cultivate more and better fodder. 9. Feed plentifully, and of the best fodder. 10. Breed stock, and let no mere accident control the increase. 11. Support breeding and feeding by proper care. 12. Keep accounts.

THE BEST LAYERS.—The advantage of the poultry and egg department of the farm was presented in a strong light by the Secretary of a New Hampshire Agricultural Society. The revenue from this branch of farming was said to exceed that derived from the potato product of the State. A bushel of corn produced nine pounds of live poultry. The amount of the product of a bushel of corn fed to hens was nine dozen. The manure from the perch was equivalent to guano, pound for pound, and would pay well for attendance of hens. The Secretary said this industry would furnish profitable employment for men too infirm for field labor, and for woman's active hands and busy mind. For the egg department, the non-sitters recommended were: Leghorns, Houdans and Black Spanish. Good layers were marked by single combs. Good layers were found in other breeds, but their product was small. The different varieties of hens, by experiment, were found to lay the following number of eggs yearly: Dunghills, 240; Brahmas, 240; Black Spanish, 120 to 160; Leghorns, 220; Hamburgs, 240; Houdans, 250. The Secretary would feed moist food in the morning and dry at night. The liability to disease should be prevented, as it might be in a great degree, by care and attention.

RECEIPTS.

RATS detest chloride of lime and coal tar.

CRANBERRIES will keep all winter in a firkin of water in a cellar.

AN obdurate screw may sometimes be drawn by applying a piece of red hot iron to the head for a minute or two, and immediately using the screw driver.

A USEFUL LINIMENT.—Take of linseed oil and lime water, equal parts of each, and mix them. This liniment is very valuable in burns and scalds; efficacious in preventing inflammation after such accidents.

IN cases of a sudden jar, knock, or jam of the hand or fingers, immediately after the blow press the uninjured hand, say between the thumb and forefinger, and gradually let up on it. It will nearly always remove the pain, and generally any swelling that might occur under the circumstances.

CUT flowers, which are apt to look withered twenty hours after being gathered, may easily be kept much longer by putting two-thirds of the stems in boiling hot water, and allowing them to remain until it becomes quite cool, when cold water is substituted. This process revives them and they look quite fresh again.

CROUP can be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to accomplish the deed is to take a knife or grater and shave off, in small particles, about a teaspoonful of alum; then mix with about twice its quantity of sugar to make it palatable, and administer as quickly as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

FOR damp closets and cupboards which generate mildew, a trayful of quick lime will be found to absorb the moisture and render the air pure, but of course it is necessary to renew the lime from time to time as it becomes fully slacked. This last remedy will be found useful in safes and strong rooms, the damp of which acts frequently most injuriously on the valuable deeds and documents which they contain.

SUBSTITUTE FOR A CORKSCREW.—A substitute for a corkscrew may be made thus: Stick two forks vertically into the cork on opposite sides, not too near the edge. Run the blade of a knife through the two and give a twist. Another way to uncork a bottle is to fill the hollow at the bottom of the bottle with a handkerchief or towel; grasp the neck with one hand, and strike firmly and steadily with the other upon the handkerchief.

TO CLEAN METALLIC ARTICLES.—Gilt metallic articles may be cleaned by rubbing them very gently with a soft sponge or brush dipped in a solution of half an ounce of potash, or one ounce of soda, or, still better, of half an ounce of borax, in sixteen ounces of water, and drying with a soft linen rag. Their lustre may be improved in special cases by warming them slightly and then rubbing them very gently with a soft sponge or brush.

A CONVENIENT GLUE.—Mouth glue is made by dissolving, with the aid of heat, pure glue, as parchment, glue, or gelatine, with about a quarter or one-third of its weight of coarse brown sugar, in as small quantity of boiling water as possible. This, when perfectly liquid, should be cast into thin cakes on a flat surface, very slightly oiled, and, as it cools, cut up into pieces of a convenient size. When required for use, moisten one end. A piece kept in the desk or workbox is exceedingly convenient.

WASHDAY is a holiday, thanks to Dobbins' Electric Soap, (made by Cragin & Co., Phila.,) which is rapidly coming into general use. It acts like magic, and bleaches clothing without injuring the fabric. Try it.

ITEMS of INTEREST.

THE enormous mail of 54,908 letters and 65 bags of newspapers was sent to Europe by the Abyssinia recently. This amount would weigh over three tons.

THE Dauntless won the recent Ocean Yacht race, with the Mohawk, twenty miles to windward and return, in six hours forty-one minutes and forty-seconds.

THE Mormons are sending missionaries to foreign lands, including fourteen to Great Britain, one to Switzerland, four to Scandinavia, and eleven to Australia and New Zealand.

PEANUTS are coming in—we mean the new crop. Strange how fond Americans are of this nut. It is said that over a millions bushels were consumed last year in the United States. Peanuts oil often goes in the market under the more popular title of "olive oil."

THE advocates of the complete enfranchisement of women in England intend pursuing an active campaign in Great Britain during the winter months. A large meeting favorable to the cause was held recently at Wigan the Mayor presiding.

LIVERPOOL papers announce that there is likely to be a new line of steamers between that port and New York next year. The title of the new company is not yet made public. Steamers heretofore in the West India trade will be employed at first.

THE monument to the Duke of Wellington in St. Paul's Cathedral, commenced nearly twenty-three years ago, is now almost completed. It is thirteen feet long, eight feet wide, and twenty-seven feet high, and will be crowned by an equestrian figure.

A TRAVELER in Norway informs us that during the long days of almost perpetual sun the hens all went to roost just about seven o'clock P. M. all through June, though the sun was four or five hours high. They returned to the active duties of life before three the next morning.

THE eight new sloops of war, ordered by Congress at the session of 1873-4, are now all finished and could be made ready in a very short time to sail. They are heavy, remarkably well built swift vessels, carrying big and effective guns. Their names are the Essex, Adams, Huron, Trenton, Ranger, Alert, Alliance and Enterprise.

A NUMBER of American built street cars have been shipped from New York for the St. Petersburg Tramway Company. They are of peculiar structure, arranged for twenty-two seats inside and the same number outside, and no passengers will be allowed to stand. The seats on the top are reached by stairs at each end.

THERE was a great stir in London a while ago in regard to a box of keys found in the Thames river, and which was supposed to have been intended to aid in the robbery of jewels and plate in Windsor Castle. It turns out that the box contained the keys of Eton School, which had been stolen by a kleptomaniac student.

AT the recent meeting of the British Association Colonel Montgomerie gave an account of the glaciers of the Himalayas, which are most developed in Baltistan, in North western India. According to his statement, these glaciers gradually increase in size from east to west, many of them being more than twenty miles in length, and one, Biafo, thirty-four miles. The thickness of the ice was in some cases found to be 400 feet. The phenomena of progress, etc., were found to be similar to those observed in the Alps.

To Owners of Horses and Cattle.

TOBIAS' DERBY CONDITION POWDERS are warranted superior to any others, or no pay, for the cure of Distemper, Worms, Bots, Coughs, Hide-bound, Colds, etc., in Horses; and Colds, Coughs, Loss of Milk, Black Tongue, Horn Distemper, etc., in Cattle. Price, Twenty-five Cents. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

Beautify the Skin

By using a harmless toilet preparation known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." It will remove tan, freckles, moth, and all other disfigurements from the skin, leaving it perfectly smooth, clear and beautiful, without showing the slightest trace of its application. For sale by all druggists in the United States. Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The following from the eminent Tragedienne, Mrs. D. P. Bowers.

Park Theatre, Brooklyn.

Dr. Gouraud:—Will you please send six bottles of your "Oriental Cream" to the above address, not forgetting to be reasonable in price. Yours truly,

MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1875

Saturday Evening, Dec. 4, 1875.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

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NEXT WEEK

A CHARMING LOVE STORY!

Next week we shall give our readers the opening chapters of a new and fascinating Romance, called

THE REJECTED LOVER!

OR

The Adventures of Robert Temple.

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

Those who read the popular serial which we published some four months ago, entitled "The Old Man's Darling," will be glad to read another by the same author.

This story is full of the most subtle mystery, and the plot so skilfully and powerfully developed, that the interest of the reader is carried on with ever-increasing strength until the culmination of the story.

To all who love a genuine, good, and old-fashioned Love Story, one in which the principal characters are true men and women—hero and heroine in the proper acceptance of the term—and not the sentimental, vapid, uninteresting characters it is so much the fashion nowadays to portray them, we would earnestly say—Be sure and read

THE REJECTED LOVER!

which will commence NEXT WEEK.

RENEWING.

Last week we spoke (or wrote) of renewing promptly. We again call your attention to this very important matter, for it is an important one, both to you and ourselves. There are so many subscriptions expiring at this season of the year that it is impossible for us to keep our books all clear up to date. Names are apt to be cut off, and then they miss one or two numbers of the paper, and back numbers must be mailed, etc., etc. By renewing now you will save us this trouble, and yourself the annoyance of having several copies lost or all sent at once. Then again, our chromo De Soto makes a splendid Christmas present, and unless you send for it soon, we can't promise to get it to you in time. We have thousands of them on hand ready to ship, but orders are filled in the order in which they come. The date of this paper is December 4th, so there are only three more weeks left in the year. With the Christmas number will be issued a large four-page supplement, containing a Christmas story handsomely illustrated and complete; also choice selections and elegant illustrations.

We are trying to make the POST the best Family Paper in the country, and shall spare neither pains nor expense to improve it in every way possible. It has to-day the finest and most brilliant list of contributors in this country. It has now a larger number of subscribers than it has had for nearly twenty years, and the list is constantly and rapidly increasing. This shows that people are beginning to appreciate our efforts. Now if you will help us and show the paper to your friends and ask them to subscribe, you can help us wonderfully. If you will get us only one subscriber each we will more than double our list. When you think how easy it is to get one name, it don't seem like very much, but when you look at the result, it tells.

For every *new* subscriber you send us we will send you Mary E. Woodson's remarkable book, "Wrung from the Grave," post paid; or for *three new* subscribers we will give you a FRAMED chromo—De Soto. Speak to your friends, and see how easy it is to get three or four new subscribers among them.

NO ONE PERFECT.—One day you will be pleased with a friend, and the next day disappointed in him. It will be so to the end; and you must make up your mind to it, and not quarrel, unless for very grave causes. Your friend, you have found out, is not perfect. Nor are you; and you cannot expect to get much more than you give. You must look for much weakness, foolishness, and vanity in human nature; it is unhappy if you are too sharp in seeing them.

THE DYING YEAR.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

Dying, dying! And the flutter
Of the red leaves in the breeze
Sounds the death-knell of the Autumn,
Wailed amid the forest trees.

Moaning, moaning, 'plains the ocean,
Leaden-hued, with crests of white—
Breaking o'er surge-hidden rocklets,
Ashen in the fading light.

Whilst the rose-gold of the sunset
Gilds with sad, regretful glow
Yonder white cliffs, samphire-covered,
Reddening their peaks of snow.

Through the dew-mist, dimly shining—
Dew of chill November eve—
Night bears on her breast a starlet,
Like the gem on Beauty's sleeve.

Still gleam on, thou tiny beacon,
Set amid a sea of cloud!
Hope points thus to fainting spirits
Joys she may not speak aloud.

Dark may be the soul's horizon,
Troubled be the soul's life sea;
Shineth still one silver beacon—
Star of Immortality!

A SUMMER DREAM.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

She had scarcely had a summer anywhere, poor child! and it was no wonder that a prospect of a month at West Point fairly turned her head. What might not be done in that month? What a vista opened before her of beautiful possibilities, rosy dreams, a gilded and rarified existence!

"Don't forget, Addie," said her mother, who was a very practical person, "that the month will pass, like other months—except that it will not seem half so long—and you will have to come back to plain bread and butter again."

That was just it—plain bread and butter, that seemed so hateful now—what *would* it be then? But, possibly, *then*—oh, well, never mind, time would show.

Meanwhile, it was a source of constant disquiet that she was living in a dreadfully plain, little, Philadelphia home, with its staring brick walls and ugly white shutters, its diminutive "saloon" parlor, that had no appliances of luxury in its furnishing, and a daily round of the plainest meals, served at the most unfashionable hours; while through everything ran the refrain that her mother was so fond of, "We must cut our coat according to our cloth." How she would have liked to cut it according to someone else's cloth!

The beautiful summer evenings, that might have been made into poems by lake or ocean side, or even on a hotel piazza with the quivering moon beams casting long shadows, and gilding with a sort of halo the plainest faces, were not very exciting spent in walking up and down before the door, and locking arms with the Nelton girls for want of more lively company—sometimes, to be sure, diversified by a visit from Henry Elling.

For Addie had a "follower," though not one altogether to her taste; a distant connection of the family, who had drifted from far Yankee-land a few years ago, and was now working his way to a moderate competence as book-keeper in a large mercantile house. He and Mrs. Standleford were great cronies, as Addie said, for both were matter-of-fact and alive to the present; and the young man talked far more to the mother than the daughter. He had a benevolent, indulgent sort of smile for Addie's flights; but his eyes were invariably fixed upon her, and like the silent Laird of Dumbiedikes, he seemed hopeful of being able to stare her into matrimony.

Mrs. Standleford was his staunch friend, and never wearied of holding up his perfections to Addie. Such an excellent young man, she said, so steady and trustworthy in every way; there were very few in whom one could feel such perfect confidence.

And Addie pictured herself the wife of Henry Elling, living in the same row, perhaps, in just such another ugly little brick house, with a baby, probably, and doing most of her own work—and the picture did not please her.

"If he were rich, now," laughed Addie, after one of her mother's eulogies, "I think I could persuade myself that I really loved Henry—but he isn't rich, and he isn't picturesque; and if he ventures to ask me now, I shall certainly say, 'No, I thank you.'"

So Mrs. Standleford advised Henry to be patient and wait; and Henry, who excelled in this virtue, waited.

Then came Aunt Tellers, who was always unsettling Addie in some way, and offered to pay her expenses for a month at West Point; and Mrs. Standleford had'nt the heart to refuse.

Henry looked serious, as well he might; for what was he against the attractions of West Point? and Addie was certainly very pretty. She snubbed him already in anticipation of her conquests; and the lover resigned himself to the state of things as he would to a long Autumn storm. It was quite evident that there would not be much sunshine in his life at present.

Addie departed in quite a blaze of glory—elated by the possession of a very becoming hat, and two or three new dresses which seemed to her a *trousseau* of some magnitude; and the little house in W—— Street, settled down into the sear and yellow leaf.

Happy Addie! the world was transfigured for her. The grand scenery, with that unequaled up and down look on the river—the walks, the trees, the parade-ground, with its imposing military figures of officers and cadets, almost like knights in a tournament, and not least, her own delightful room at the fashionable hotel, with its luxurious appointments, and charming window, all combined to make her feel:

"Oh, if there be an elysium upon earth,
It is this, it is this!"

Mrs. Tellers was good-naturedly selfish, and rather enjoyed giving people pleasure when it did not put her out in the least; and one after the other of her friends would say, with a glance at Addie flitting off in the distance, "Is that your niece, Mrs. Tellers? How pretty she is, and how prettily she is dressed." The portly matron looked complacently on her protegee, and felt that on the whole Addie would do.

The girl fairly trod on air; her bright, fresh, twenty-year-old face seemed quite irresistible to the half-fledged warriors; and she had daily invitations to walk and to drive, and to do everything that was to be done in that bewildering, Arcadian region that seems more like a dream of beauty than a reality. Such magnificent figures as those cadets and officers had! Such straight backs and square shoulders, and such a grand, all-conquering air. Their lives appeared like pages out of a romance; and Henry Elling and his clerkship were more distasteful than ever.

One bright, particular star came down from his height, and seemed to be her very own. It was Addie's first appearance on the parade-ground for the evening performance; and she enjoyed with her whole soul the martial music and graceful evolutions; when suddenly on her ear burst the sunset volley, and losing all command of herself, she started and uttered a genuine shriek.

People were smiling all around her, and her aunt laughed heartily; but, presently, a deep, manly voice, with a boyish ring in it, said quite close to her:

"Do not be alarmed, we have done our worst now, and shall subside for the night. I am afraid you were really frightened."

She was trembling all over, but looked up with a smile at the handsome cadet who stood, cap in hand, beside her. He was very tall, and quite mature-looking, evidently a king among his fellows. Mrs. Tellers knew him, and introduced him to her niece; after that the young people chatted for awhile under the matron's wing, and then strolled off together.

Hartley Morrison was frequently amused with his new acquaintance—she was evidently fresh to West Point society; but he thought her vastly pretty, and more interesting than any girl he had seen for many a day. So he devoted himself to her *con amore*, as was his way; and Addie almost walked in Paradise. Was there ever such a place as West Point for love-making? The very trees seem bending toward each other, gently shielding from rude gaze the paths where lovers stray — the breezes whisper soft nothings like mischievous echoes—the moonbeams coquette with everything around, and a glamour rests upon all things.

The weeks flew as though they had been shod with lightning, and Mrs. Tellers talked of going home. Addie wondered a little sometimes when she spoke of leaving, that her admirer talked in such a general kind of way of his loneliness, etc., but did not allude to any future time of meeting. He had spoken of friends in Philadelphia, and told Addie, at the beginning of their acquaintance, that he frequently visited that city; but he said nothing of calling upon her. It was very odd, she thought; but grasping the fleeting pleasures of the present, she tried not to borrow trouble for the future.

They took a last moonlight walk, and Mr. Morrison professed himself inconsolable, quoted somebody who said "there is a sadness in doing anything for the last time," and supposed that Miss Standleford would soon forget him among her hosts of Philadelphia admirers. He was decidedly unsatisfactory in this mood, and the moonbeams seemed to grow pale and chilly as they wended their way back through the leafy paths. The fairy scene had lost its bloom, and an invisible raven seemed wailing, "Nevermore!"

So they parted; Hartley Morrison standing, cap in hand, to see them off, which he did in the most elegant and courtly manner; and Addie comforted herself with the thought that he probably intended to surprise her by appearing unexpectedly.

Addie felt glad to see her mother again and the children, but the humdrum Philadelphia home seemed almost unbearable those hot, dusty September days, and Henry Elling, after Hartley Morrison, was more insipid than ever.

She sighed a great deal, and read a great many novels, and sometimes wet her pillow with tears, and was altogether a very useless member of society during that month of reaction; but Miss Standleford had rather expected this, and performed Addie's tasks and her own until the latter should recover her appetite for ordinary life.

With October came cool weather and lectures, concerts, and various dissipations, and to one of the first named gaieties Addie was invited one evening by her quiet admirer.

Henry was appearing in a more favorable light. He had been away for a week in the wilds of Vermont, from whence he originally emanated, and Addie noticed on his return an inexplicable sort of change in him—a something which she could not define, but a change nevertheless. An uncle had died during his visit, but he was not the sort of person to be changed by this; and he and her mother had evidently some sort of an understanding.

But Addie remembered that she was a blighted being, and in a very melancholy way made herself look as lovely as possible for the lecture. She succeeded so well, that Henry's dull eyes brightened when she came down stairs, and he looked, as the maid-of-all-work said, as if he could eat her up.

Whether that lecture was scientific, funny, or prosy, Addie could never tell, for on her right sat Hartley Morrison, and with him a beautiful, stylish-looking girl, over whom he was bending, just as he used to bend over Addie. He bowed and smiled as he caught the eye of his West Point acquaintance, and then seemed to forget her existence.

But when they came out Miss Standleford and her escort were blocked up by the crowd, and just in front of them were Hartley Morrison and the young lady. Addie heard the latter say:

"Who was that girl sitting near us, to whom you bowed?"

"That was a West Point friend of mine," came the reply; "a nice little girl with whom I had a very pleasant flirtation to pass the time—but now, you know, *nous avons change tout cela.*"

"I am not so sure," began the sweet girl-voice again.

And then they passed on.

Addie shook from head to foot, and clung to her companion's arm. He bent down quite tenderly, with such an air of ownership, that she could not help feeling a crisis was at hand. She used her feet mechanically, and made no objection. When Henry spoke of walking around the square, instead of going directly home, she listened in a dazed sort of way to his proposal, until it struck upon her benumbed faculties that he was telling her a very queer sort of story about his uncle having left him a fortune. He had been a very saving man all his life, and no one suspected his wealth; but it really was a respectable city fortune, and Henry was his favorite nephew. And now Addie could have a fine house, and dress in silks every day, which he knew she would enjoy; her mother's consent had been given long ago—when should the happy day be?

For answer Addie burst out crying, and begged to be taken home—two such shocks in one night were more than she could stand.

Addie was quite ill for a few weeks, but she fully recovered her tone of mind and body and married Henry Elling, and fell regularly in love with him after he was married.

Perhaps she did not deserve so hard a fate, but if we all had only our deserts many of us would be poorly provided for.

ROUGH NOTES FROM THE STREET.

BY CHAS. B. CARLISLE.

Thanksgiving! Gratitude is a small percentage of the human nature of to-day. The idea of obligation frets us. We are willing enough to accept, but we want to feel that it is free from the necessity of thanks. And yet gratitude should naturally produce a most pleasing sensation when men exert it towards one another.

A truly generous mind will indulge for the natural gratification that always accompanies it. This satisfaction is wardly experienced should be considered ample reward for the performance of a duty. It is a duty. Not only a duty towards one another, but especially towards the Great Author, who tenders every blessing we enjoy in this life. He not only confers upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from His hand, but those benefits conveyed to us by others. Surely if gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker. The Maker and Giver who each year fulfills His promises to man, telling again and again that marvellous tale that all the rivers run into the sea and the sea is not full; telling us to never fear lest the stream of God's bounty fail; telling of the strange perpetual change from birth to death, from death to birth, from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth. Slow beatings these, spring, summer, autumn and winter days to our impatient minds and brief span of life, yet to Him who alone has counted them through the ages, they mark the flight of years till time shall be counted no longer, even as our fevered pulses tell us there come a day when the beating heart shall rest last be still.

This debt grows upon us day by day, and yet we almost refuse to acknowledge it at all. We accept the gifts as a sort of matter of course. Perhaps in a general way we may attribute and credit the supervision of the whole to the Almighty, but we are hardly willing to so consider what we may term our individual bounties.

And have we not been signally favored? Take a retrospective look at our country. There never probably was, since the beginning of the world, an instance of such solid, sudden, and dazzling prosperity as has been achieved within the last ninety and nine years by America. By peaceful industry and bold but well weighed enterprise, we have advanced to a degree of material well-being which, to those who only know the world from books, must appear almost incredible. And yet we have but to persevere in the same course, and there is no limit to the triumphs that lie before us. We have still a boundless territory to occupy and improve, in the possession of which we are without a neighbor, and a mission of civilization and consolidation to execute as noble as ever devolved upon the sons of men. And shall we not this one day turn aside from the pursuits of life, and gather into the houses of worship to praise God for His exceeding loving kindness and tender mercies.

Shall we not celebrate this day, with becoming gratitude, in view of these blessings and our national greatness. In every branch we are progressing, and time, the great test of all things earthly, has clearly demonstrated that the mild and equitable administration of laws, based upon the principle of equal rights, happiness, so far as consists with human frailty, is placed within the reach of all.

For all these things, the gift of the Almighty, we ought to be grateful, and thankful. While we go up to the places of worship, thence to our well-filled tables, tables which this one day will be freighted with the good things of life, we can double our own enjoyment of such a season if we shall remember that within the circle of our acquaintance there are human beings whose happiness would be almost immeasurably enhanced by the least trifling gift of the good things from our table. Somewhere near us, in an alley or narrow street, up a ricketty stairway or down in damp cellars, there are human beings, our neighbors in the flesh, with whom the world has gone roughly, and who to-day have no thanksgiving dinner. Think of this shrinking poverty, you who live in frescoed parlors and criticise the poor. Think of it calmly, you who have ice cream for dinner, and who can get your children silk-dressed dolls and pony phaetons. Think of these to-day—these thousands huddling round a miserable fire, hungry and half clothed. Perhaps they are in a measure to blame, but it will be well for you this one day to stoop and write your judgment in the sand, and make your own heart rebound with gladness by giving something of the good things to these starving poor. Seek them out. Send John or Jehu with what you can readily spare, and make glad these hearts about you. For once forget that we have what is termed the machinery of charitable organizations, and make your givings a personal individual matter.

Perhaps your gift may come just in time to save some family from the pangs of hunger. Perhaps lift up some fainting, weary, dispirited, hopeless heart. You may not realize it, but you will experience a satisfaction of heart and the act will be registered to your credit, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto them, ye did it unto Me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This old favorite—the oldest literary and family journal in the country, having been founded in 1821—recently entered on its fifty-fifth volume with brighter prospects than at any previous period in its history. Messrs. Reed, Wickersham & Co., into whose hands it passed some time since, are gentlemen of energy, experience, enterprise, and ability. They are determined to maintain the high tone which has always characterized the EVENING POST, and have secured the pens of some of the most eminent male and female writers in the United States and Great Britain. — *Daily Express, Easton, Pa.*

FRUGALITY may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence and invite corruption.

HEADWORK THE AID TO HANDWORK.

The pursuit of mechanics involves accuracy of eye, knowledge of form and of proportion, strict measurements, and a due preservation of the relation of parts to each other, and of the whole to the several parts. It teaches also economy of material and of space. Strength and utility may, indeed, be acquired without observation of all these details. The old fashioned iron and other metal work of houses, carriages, and agricultural and other implements, and the waste of wood and stone, and brick and other materials, show that the workers for our grandparents consulted safety and durability without much regard to taste or elegance. The work in an old fashioned chair would almost make a full set of modern ones. A Lancaster lock handle was long enough to act as a lever to lift a hundred weight. Competition, making economy necessary and requiring elegance and fitness in order to secure purchasers, has changed the style both of houses and furniture. And a better comprehension of the strength of materials has caused modern machinery to attain what ancient machinery lacked, that is symmetry and even elegance as well as strength. If an iron worker of the last century had undertaken to construct a locomotive, for instance, it would have been a clumsy and ugly affair. Now the parts are proportioned exactly to the power required, and the details are worked up with an eye to beauty. A train of highly finished cars, drawn by a first-class locomotive, is a triumph of strength and beauty. The engine is as handsome and handy as it is mighty, and obeys the slightest touch of the engineer; while with improved brakes the whole swift-moving mass can be brought to a standstill in a few yards.

It is a common mistake, the result of an old prejudice, to speak of mechanical work as a pursuit opposed to elegance. Every leaf on a stalk, and every branch on a tree, every part of a flower, is put in its place according to an order of arrangement that is the equivalent of mathematical and mechanical rule. The seed that lifts the earth-crust, and the tender shoot which, in its way to the light, moves with a power that displaces pavements and walls, do their work on mechanical principles. The great systems of stars and worlds obey physical laws. The human body, in health the perfection of beauty as well as of strength, in its structure illustrates nearly or quite all the mechanical forces, and in its functions is a perfect laboratory. The fine arts and the refinements in textile, and in all other manufactures, are only deductions from the axioms of fixed science. Jachin and Boaz, the pillars in Solomon's Temple, combined strength and elegance. The curve of the arch, supreme strength, is the line of beauty. The beautiful and the useful are nearly related; and civilization is largely indebted to their alliance. The intellect of man is as much improved by the use of the hands as by the use of the eyes.

If in one direction a man's mind is expanded and his taste elevated, the whole mind and the whole man are improved. The liberty of the aborigines of this continent (or to speak more correctly, the freedom which was enjoyed by the race encountered here by the colonists who founded this republic) had done nothing for their own improvement or elevation. The intruders upon their domain have, in less than three centuries, built up a nation which ranks among the first on earth. To the following of industrial pursuits we owe, more than to any other earthly influence, the prosperity we enjoy. The intellect which has, in devising political institutions and creating educational opportunities, given us a good government, was developed in the pursuit—the mechanical pursuit—of the arts of life. Agriculture shares the same good influence, for the culture of the ground is developed into a science.

—*Phila. Ledger.*

DEVICE WITH AUTUMN LEAVES.

An exquisite transparency may be made by arranging pressed ferns, grasses and autumn leaves on a pane of window glass, laying another pane of the same size over it, and binding the edge with ribbon, leaving the group imprisoned between. Use gum tragacanth in putting on the binding. It is well to secure a narrow strip of paper under the ribbon. The binding should be gummed all around the edge of the first pane, and dried before the leaves, ferns, etc., are arranged; then it can be neatly folded over the second pane without difficulty.

To form the loop for hanging the transparency, paste a binding of galloon along the edge, leaving a two-inch loop free in the centre, afterward to be pulled through a little split in the final binding. These transparencies may either be hung before a window, or, if preferred, secured against a pane in the sash.

In halls a beautiful effect is produced by placing them against the side-lights of the hall-door. Where the side-lights are each of only a single pane, it is well worth while to place a single transparency against each, filling up the entire space, thus affording ample scope for a free arrangement of ferns, grasses and leaves, while the effect of the light passing through the rich autumnal colors is very fine. Leaves so arranged will preserve their beauty the entire winter.

An exceedingly pretty stand for a lamp can be formed of eight oblong transparencies (made of glass and autumn leaves as described), tacked together with strong sewing-silk, so as to form an eight-sided, hollow column. To hide the lamp or candlestick, the screen should be lined throughout with oiled tissue paper, either white or a delicate rose color.

A better plan still is to get the effect of ground glass, by rubbing each strip of glass on a flat paving stone plentifully covered with white sand. This grinding process, of course, must be performed before the leaves are inserted, and then only upon the inner side of the glass.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest literary weekly in the United States, having been published for now fifty-five years. It has enjoyed a very large circulation and patronage for now over half a century. This condition could not have been maintained without merit of a very high order. — *Weekly Register, Central City, Colorado.*

THEY who would rule safely must rule with love, not arms.

PERSONALITIES.

ANNIE LOUISE CARY is winning applause and diamond bracelets in Russia.

CHARLES DICKENS' son is said to read from "Pickwick" in a superior manner.

WHEN Wales gets to Lucknow he is to ride an elephant one hundred years old, once used by Warren Hastings.

MISS BISMARCK is a plump brunette. She is an expert in needle work, and has all the homely and honest German virtues.

"TEN acres enough," is the motto of Col. Arthur Glen, of Florida, who has a ten acre orange grove that brings him in $10,000 to $13,000 per year.

THE public will be pleased to learn that Prince Chlodwig-zu-Hohenlohe Schillingfurst has gone to Finland. We wonder he can go so far with such a name.

OLE Bull has been giving concerts in Stockholm, and is about to make a farewell tour of Europe. He has already made five farewell tours of the United States.

THE Czar of Russia has just given a young Jew, named Frehmann, a commission in the Russian army. Frehmann is the first Jew who has ever attained the position of officer.

NATHAN STONE, of Farmington, Massachusetts, who is in his ninety-seventh year, voted this month for the seventy-fifth time in that town for Governor. He has voted at seventeen Presidential elections.

THE President of France, Marshal M'Mahon, is not so badly provided for. The goverment allows him $10,000 a month—120,000 per annum; besides which he is allowed $78,000 for household and reception expenses.

MISS CLARA L. WELLS, daughter of ex-Governor Wells, of Maine, is editing a paper in Rome entitled *The Cosmopolite*, which contains articles in four different languages—English, German, French, and Italian.

THE Pope's household consists of 537 persons, the chief of whom are Cardinal Antonelli, the major-domo, the master of the chamber, the grand almoner, the secretary, the steward, the governor, Gen. Kanzler, and five chamberlains.

THE Prince of Wales has taken with him to India six carriage horses besides a number of hunters from his stables. During the voyage on the Serapis the Prince's table will be supplied with milk from two cows belonging to his royal highness. The Serapis has taken two Orkney heifers, thirteen sheep and three pigs, designed as presents for the King of Greece.

A NUMBER of gentlemen in New York City have undertaken the formation of a fox hunting club. The sum needed for a commencement is $10,000, of which nearly one-half has already been subscribed. The price of subscriptions has been placed at $100. The first hunt will be held immediately after the Baltimore races, and the kennel will be established at some convenient spot on Long Island.

MR. GLADSTONE is said to pleasantly surprise those persons who derive their idea of him from portraits in *Punch*, or from having seen his profile from the Strangers' Gallery during the stormy period of debate, by the mellow and ingratiating tones of his voice and the winning smile, the gracious amiability, and the almost child-like aspect of kindliness which a full front view of his face discloses.

COURTNEY, the amateur champion oarsman of New York, who has steadily gone to the front in a long series of well-earned victories, outdid himself and everybody else, amateur or professional, the other day, in a regatta on Cayuga Lake, by rowing two miles, including one turn, in thirteen minutes and fourteen seconds, the quickest time for the distance on record, and beating a double scull which rowed against him.

MISS FANNY POWELL, daughter of William H. Powell (the historical painter who painted the celebrated picture in the Capitol of De Soto, discovering the Mississippi,) sailed in the *Bothnia* for Paris, where she will pursue her art studies. Under the guidance of her father, her talents have been developed to a fair degree, but her ambitious spirit, and her thirst for the inspiration which breathes in an art atmosphere and in the pleasure of great works, constantly pointed to Europe, and the dream of her life is now about to be realized. Miss Fanny Powell was Vice-Principal of the Drawing School at Cooper Institute for two years, and her teaching was attended with good results. Before sailing she presented to the Cooper Institute her large prize drawing of the "Laocoon," considered by the artists the finest drawing from the cast, made in the Academy for many years. Mr. Cooper wrote her a letter of thanks. The work will be hung in the office of the Art Department of the Institute.

—*Home Journal.*

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

NEW SOUTH WALES has made application for fourteen thousand square feet space in the Exhibition Buildings.

THUS far, but two European Nations have asked for space to erect model school buildings at the Centennial—Sweden and Germany.

A CINCINNATI merchant has a pair of shoes made in 1776, during the times that tried men's soles, and he proposes to exhibit them at the Centennial.

IT is stated that the Great Eastern Steamship has been engaged to bring goods to this city for Centennial exhibitors in England. There is also a rumor that the vessel will be stationed in this port during the Centennial, and accommodate visitors from abroad.

LOOK out for a grand military display at the Centennial. Eleven New York regiments, three from Massachusetts, five from Pennsylvania, two from New Jersey, together with companies from New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, South Carolina, New Orleans, Chicago, and San Francisco have already promised to be there.

A CENTENNIAL HENNERY.—A Wilmington paper says: William H. Dockstater, of Dover, has sold his farm of sixty-two acres, situated in St. Jones' Neck, to two gentlemen of Philadelphia, for the sum of $5,000. It is the purpose of the purchasers to inclose the ground and erect buildings for a hennery, and stock the same with 5,000 fowls. It is understood that they are under contract to supply hotels in Philadelphia with eggs during the Centennial

A GRAND CENTENNIAL TOURNAMENT.—Messrs. Delaney and Nelms on Thursday, visited the Centennial grounds to select a site upon which to have erected a billiard hall of sufficient capacity to accommodate from four to six thousand persons. The project is to inaugurate a billiard tournament in June, 1876, under the auspieces of Mr. Delaney, who will give $5,000 in money, to be divided into a certain number of prizes. It is expected that Albert Garnier, Joseph and Cyrille Dion, and the two brothers Vignaux, residing in Paris, will participate.

WHEN London takes a holiday the Crystal Palace, Zoological Gardens and Kew Gardens each receive from thirty to fifty thousand visitors. In our city there is only one place at present, Fairmount Park, but that can accommodate half a million of people. On Sundays there are frequently from forty to fifty thousand people in the Park, driving and walking, the latter seeming to enjoy it the most. When the Zoological Garden shall have expanded to its allotted size, and all of the contemplated improvements made, thirty thousand visitors would not overcrowd the grounds. Over ten thousand have already visited it in a single day.

THE ladies of Philadelphia have arranged to give a number of grand and novel entertainments during the winter, in aid of the Centennial fund. On the 13th and 14th of December, a "Martha Washington Reception" will be given at the Academy of Music, and on the 2d of January, at the same place, "Historical Tableaux" will be given. The crowning entertainment will occur on the 22d and 23d of February. It is entitled "The Carnival of Authors," and will be the most unique affair of the kind ever given in this country. The most prominent and wealthy ladies in Philadelphia society are interested in these forthcoming events.

THE Centennial Commission has decided to hold, in addition to the exhibition of ordinary live stock, a bench show of sporting and non-sporting dogs. The bench show will commence on October 10th, 1876, and continue for fifteen days. The Commission will provide ample accommodations for the display of animals of this class. Stalls will be furnished free of charge, and animals will be admitted without entrance fee. Animals to be eligible for admission must be of pure blood and high merit. All dogs presented for admission will be subject to examination by a veterinary surgeon to guard against infection. Animals taken sick after admission will be removed to a suitable inclosure especially prepared for their comfort and medical treatment. Exhibitors will furnish their own attendants to feed and otherwise care for their stock. Animals entered for exhibition must be the property of the exhibitor, and must perfectly accord with description on form of application to gain admittance to the show yard.

GRIP'S CORNER.

CROAKINGS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

FLOWER CROSSES.—In certain sections of France, the people give much attention to the raising of sheep, and every day the flocks are driven out to their pastures, and the care of them given to children who are too small for hard work on the farms, but who are strong enough and swift enough to drive back to the flock any sheep which may go astray. As these children can do other work while watching the animals, and cannot play all the time because they might then forget their watch, they must have some light and easy pastime, and what do you suppose it is? They take branches of the small thornbush, and forming them into the shape of crosses, fill the young thorns with daisies and the other flowers which may be growing in the fields. These crosses they set on the thornhedges by the roadsides, and travelers say that after a short spell of clear weather hundreds of these little flower crosses may be seen along the roads. Isn't this a pretty idea, and don't you think we could all improve on it, and in our spare moments make pleasant the pathway of others through life? If we cannot make real crosses from real flowers, we can place upon the hedge garlands of cheerfulness, good will and love, and upon the heavy burdens which others bear along the dusty road, we can throw the daisies of sympathy which, Grip guarantees, will make the load no heavier.

WHAT a pickle the fish must be in! Some one says that the salt in the ocean, if all piled up, would cover North America nearly a mile deep. The fish must enjoy good health, for with all this salt, they can scarcely be taken ill before they are well cured. The reason, too, that whales live so long must be that they are so large and absorbe so much brine that it salts them down to keep.

RUBBING OUT.—Nearly every boy and girl in the land knows where the india-rubber used for so many purposes comes from, but do they all know how long it has been since the rubber has been put to so many uses? Do the boys who are already dreaming of long rubber boots for the snow-time of the coming winter know that for many years after the discovery that the gum could be taken from the tree and hardened, there were only two uses to which it was put—rubbing out and chewing? This dirty habit has gone out of date now, but it was quite fashionable some years ago, when they had more rubber than could be used. It was the old story of Columbus and the egg over again. As soon as some one, an American, too, found out the process of vulcanizing, all the world set to work to make up for lost time and the rubber trees had a hard time. By the way, do you know that this same juice from which the rubber is made, is found in the poppy, and in the lettuce which comes so fresh-looking to our summer table? It can be extracted from both, but if you should happen to want a small piece for your drawing-book next summer, don't spoil your mother's flower bed or her vegetable garden. It might give you some trouble before you got it in rubbing order, and it would be just as cheap to buy a piece at the stationery-store around the corner.

THERE is danger in possessing too much. The more we have the more we are apt to spend and want. Grattan, a great Irish statesman, used to say that when his uncle "had four hundred pounds a year, he had the best dinners and company in Dublin; but he had an estate left him and was made a bishop, and then there was an end of him and us."

NEVER GIVE UP.—Who has not heard of that Scottish hero who was about to give up the fight in which he had long been engaged, when he saw an ant trying to carry a load much larger than herself, and failing in every successive attempt, yet always trying again, until at last she succeeded. There is perhaps a much greater example. Do you know how many years Columbus worked, before he was enabled to set sail for the new world he was to discover? History tells us that his troubles had turned his hair white before he had reached his thirtieth year, that he was fifty-six when he set his vessel's prow towards America, and that for over a quarter of a century he had worked with that one purpose always in view. By the way, do you know the name of the first European, of whom we positively know, who set eyes upon this country? He was a sailor in the "Pinto," of Columbus' fleet, by name Rodrigo Triana. Columbus saw lights moving about on shore, during the night, but early in the morning, this Triana, who was on the lookout, saw the land. Poor Columbus! He lived and died a disappointed man, and did not even dream of the great future of the land he had discovered. It is said that for two days and nights after his burial, the Ravens croaked—a fitting requiem for this most melancholy of men.

REVENGE.—Whenever we hear this word used, we always think of something terrible, and th old Scriptural injunction of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" runs through our minds. Although this very forcible way of resenting an injury was preached against by the good Christ, there are yet a great many of his so-called followers and people who still cling to it, and fancy that a direct payment in the same coin is the only way of getting satisfaction for an evil done. Grip remembers a story of another kind of revenge, which he thinks good enough to be told here, and which he hopes his boy and girl readers will remember when they grow angry with some playmate, for something done which calls for the display of this passion on their part. Many, many years ago in England, there was a little lad who, in spite of his regular attendance at school, was at the tail of his class. He was dull and stupid and could not be made to learn. One day, the boy next above him in the class struck him, and the little fellow, after thinking a long while, got into his stupid brain the idea that the best revenge he could have would be to put his enemy "tail" instead of himself; so he went to work and studied hard, and in a few days he went above the other boy, to the astonishment of all the class. Then the idea took him that he could go above the next boy, and he did; then above the next; then above the next; and soon, until he stood at the head of his class. The boy's thirst for knowledge had been awakened, and he went on and on, until the world knew and respected him. Ask your older brother who is at college to tell you of the great deeds and the great fame of Sir Isaac Newton, and you will find how much the world made through the "revenge" of one little lad.

A HYMN FOR THE TIMES.—A magpie brought me this, the other day. She had stolen it from a waste-basket, and as she didn't know the owner's name, nor where he lived, nor anything about him, except that he had a great pair of scissors in one hand and a paste brush in the other—by which I think he must have been an editor—the only way Grip sees for the owner to get back his property is to publish it and let him clip it again with his big scissors. Oh, my! I wish the magpie had brought a little of that paste with her.

"I am a foolish little boy,
But when I older grow,
For less than twelve per cent. I will
Not let my money go.

"On Third street I will pass my days,
And have an office there;
And sometimes I will be a bull,
And sometimes be a bear.

"In shaving and coining, my time
Shall usefully be spent;
So when I die the folks will say,
'He was a rich old gent.'"

Grip thinks that this little hymn first came out in a cross paper called "Vanity Fair," that made fun of everybody, some years ago. He is not sure of it, however, but thinks that it just suits now-a-days, anyhow. What do you think about it, children?

"THE DOR SUDDENLY OPENED UPON THIS PICTURE OF WOE, AND IN WALKED JOHN.'

THE FOX AND THE STORK.

A fox, one day, invited a stork to dinner, but provided for the entertainment only the first course, soup. This being a shallow dish, of course the fox lapped up readily, but the stork, by means of his long bill, was unable to gain a mouthful.

"You do not seem fond of soup," said the fox, concealing a smile in his napkin. "Now it is one of my greatest weaknesses."

"You certainly seem to project yourself outside of a large quantity," said the stork, rising with some dignity, and examining his watch with considerable empressement; "but I have an appointment at eight o'clock, which I had forgotten. I must ask to be excused. *Au revoir.* By the way, dine with me to-morrow."

The fox assented, arrived at the appointed time, but found, as he fully expected, nothing on the table but a single long necked bottle, containing olives, which the stork was complacently extracting by the aid of his long bill.

"Why, you do not seem to eat anything," said the stork, with great naivete, when he had finished the bottle.

"No," said the fox, significantly, "I am waiting for the second course."

"What is that?" asked the stork, blandly.

"Stork, stuffed with olives," shrieked the fox, in a very pronounced manner, and instantly dispatched him.

Moral!—True hospitality obliges the host to sacrifice himself for his guests.

KEEP TO YOUR VOCATION.

"Pickle," said Dick, the bull-terrier, to the pretty little Skye, "as long as you keep to your tricks and winning playful ways you are charming; but when you come to the gate after me, putting in your shrill, sharp pipe, and spoiling my deep hoarse bark, you look positively silly; excuse me, but true friends must be faithful."

"Dick, dear," said Pickle, "that reminds me of something I have often thought of telling you; as long as you keep to guarding the house, and frightening the beggars, you are highly respectable; but when you try to come sprawling on my lady's lap, in imitation of me, you have no idea how foolish you look. Excuse me, but one good turn deserves another, and 'true friends must be faithful.'"

TRAINING.

"And is this all my mother could do for me?" grumbled the wooly-bear caterpillar, as he crossed the gravel path where the little golden beetles shrank from him in something like disgust. "Frightful, of course frightful; very humiliating!" he exclaimed, as he began to make his dinner off the dead nettle to which he had crawled.

"Patience," said the dead nettle, "you won't always be a wooly-bear."

A little time and wooly-bear became a pupa, that is, an insect mummy, or a baby in swaddling clothes.

"Is this change for the better? am I any nearer beauty now?" he asked despairingly of the nettle. "Surely I was better off when I could at least show life, and move about, than I am in this living tomb."

"Patience, when things come to the worst they mend," said the nettle; "you won't always be a mummy."

One morning the sun shone on the glorious wings of a tiger-moth, as it balanced itself on the hedge, trembling with delight.

"Ah," cried the nettle, "I told you so, the training wasn't pleasant, but see what has come of it!"

PRICES OF ANIMALS.—If any of the boys should be thinking of investing their surplus funds in a menagerie, or of stocking their farms or yards with wild animals, they will be interested in the latest quotation of prices of such stock in the London market: A pair of camels, mother and baby, $430; a grizzly bear, $325; a lioness and two cubs, $395; four lion cubs, $860; two lions, $500 each; a "happy family," consisting of four monkeys and a smooth raccoon, $135; a Bengal tiger and a leopard, $3,900; and an elephant, $2,700.

THE most beautiful may be the most admired and caressed, but they are not always the most esteemed and loved.

LAURA.

BY DELMADI.

Little Laura, Little Laura,
With bright curls of golden hair,
Dainty tresses, softly shading
Face so sweet and good and fair.
Face that looks all pure and sinless,
Eyes like violets wet with dew;
Will I love thee, little Laura,
Little Laura, good and true.

Little Laura, Little Laura,
Life is cold and dark, my love;
Paths that now seem filled with flowers,
Ever dark and darker prove;
Skies that now are fair and sunny
Soon will be with clouds o'ercast,
Little Laura, Little Laura,
Pleasure cannot always last.

Little Laura, Little Laura,
Gather flowers while you may,
For there may be storms and darkness
Crowding thickly on your way.
Look to Him who reigns above us!
Keep thy soul from evil free;
May He keep thee pure and holy
For His blest Eternity!

* * * * * *

Little Laura, Little Laura,
Lies beneath a coffin lid,
Eyes of blue and tresses golden
Underneath the grass are hid;
Little face too pure and holy
For this world of sin and care,
Shines above with that rare brightness
Angel-faces ever wear.

MY THANKSGIVING DINNER.

BY GEORGE GREY.

They both left me the day before thanksgiving! not my nearest and dearest, as the tragic announcement would lead any one to suppose; but the two *ladies* who have ruled right royally in my kitchen and nursery for some months past.

John went into the kitchen the evening before—an unusual thing for John to do—to inquire the cause of the hilarious sounds proceeding from thence, and finding six able-bodied men being entertained on the fruits of his honest toil, his righteous indignation rose, and "in language which was plain," he ordered them out forthwith. A short and easy dialogue ensued between John and the handmaidens.

The warning that came, as a sort of good-night, did not add to the peacefulness of my slumbers, as a family Thanksgiving dinner loomed up in the near horizon, and ghosts of uncooked turkeys stalked through my dreams on defiant drum-sticks, while John, that disturber of the peace, blissfully unconscious, imagining, I suppose, that turkeys come to market ready cooked, slept as sweetly as two-year-old Birdie in her crib.

While I was busy washing my breakfast cups and saucers, one of the good old habits instilled by my second mother, Aunt Dorothy, in walked my quondam maids equipped for travel. They had taken John at his word, and I, could I ask them to stay? No, my pride rebelled against that!

Jane appeared lofty and defiant; but one glance at Birdie's baby eyes looking out from the soft aureola of curls that crowned her golden head, melted Maria, and tears flowed apace, which she vainly strove to mop up with the end of her nick ribbon, in lieu of a *mouchoir*, and then retired to one of my tea towels in the corner, behind whose friendly shade she wept copiously.

"Good-by, Birdie, my darling," said Maria, with an embrace that almost broke down my self-control, followed by a second retreat to the tea towel, and then they were gone.

Birdie began to cry, for weeping is infectious after all, and I sat down and took her in my arms to comfort her. She soon made herself happy pulling the comb out of my hair and playing with its long tresses, which occupation proved so soothing that she fell asleep after awhile.

Laying her on the sofa, I ran into the kitchen "to view the prospect o'er." All was in order, save the fire in the range which was dying rapidly—that was the last straw! The management of fires is an unsolved mystery to me, and I am quite confident, had I been one of those unfortunate vestals whose sorrows I wept over in childhood, my doom would have been speedily sealed.

The care of Birdie and the house, the Thanksgiving dinner, all seemed to rise before me like ghostly shades, and dance that famed "dance of death" around the expiring embers in the range.

With a groan I returned to the dining-room, and throwing myself on a chair, leaned my head on the table and cried like a great baby. The door suddenly opened upon this picture of woe, and in walked John. I had quite forgotten that I had asked him not to leave the house until all should be serene again, and he, deep in his newspaper, had been oblivious of all but stocks and dividends. I think those are the stupid things he reads about.

"Why, Grace, my darling, what is the matter?" he asked, with a rueful face. "Are you ill—is Birdie ill?"

Men always imagine that you are ill if you look sad, as if one could not have heart aches as well as head aches.

"Now, John, have you forgotten about the servants?"

"I beg your pardon, my dear. It was all my fault, too. I wish I had stayed out of that confounded kitchen last night!"

"No—they richly deserved to go," I half sobbed; "and I think I could get along if only the fire in the range would stop going out, and if it were not for that dreadful Thanksgiving dinner."

"Don't worry about that, Gracie," said John; "I'll stop at mother's and tell them not to come. We can go there instead."

"No!" I cried, raising my head suddenly; "not for the world! Let them come, and I'll manage in some way."

John has great confidence in his wife's powers; but he seemed puzzled by the stern determination of my tone. The truth is, I am a little in awe of my mother-in-law, and there was, at this time, staying with John's sister Alice, a young lady, who for some years before our marriage had been recommended to John as a most suitable person for his wife.

Miss Rivers was one of the notable persons, one of the proverbially good wives whose attractions poor John, in his foolish fondness for me, a girl just home from boarding-school, had failed to perceive. I was not notable, alas! or a good housekeeper, and my affections for Miss Rivers was not increased by the fact that she had been heard, by one of my friends to say, "Yes, she is a pretty doll-faced creature, with winning ways." She should not have the satisfaction of knowing that the doll-faced creature was entirely discomfited by the departure of her two domestics—Ellen Rivers, whom legions of servants, all departing, would not have turned from the even tenor of her way!

"John, you had better have married Ellen Rivers."

This was intended as a Parthian shot, for John had turned to leave the room; but it brought him back without the faintest flush on his cheek to say:

"Don't be a little goose, Grrcie; but tell me what I can do to help you. Shall I call and ask Alice to come and take care of the Birdling?"

"Yes, the darling, how fast she sleeps," I said, pointing to the white bundle on the sofa. "Just say that I want to see Alice for a little while—don't explain."

"No, I will not. I cannot bear to leave you here alone, like 'a sparrow on the housetop,' Gracie. I wish I could stay and help you."

Which kind wish I did not second, for of all the useless adjuncts to housekeeping, a man is the most useless, unless he be a trained cook or waiter, or one of the kind familiarly known as *Betty*, who are too dreadful to be tolerated. John does not know the first thing about housekeeping, for which I am devoutly thankful, not knowing much myself, and as I watched his broad shoulders disappear around the corner, I thought what a blessing it was to be a man, and turn your back on it all without one pang of conscience.

Later I sallied forth leaving Birdie in Alice's charge. After numerous encounters with all kinds of people, I turned my steps homeward, having hopes held out to me for the future—for far-off next week—but nothing for the present.

Weary and depressed I rang my own door bell, to which Alice promptly responded. I thought I saw lurking mischief in her smile, and as I passed through the hall I noticed an old horse-hair trunk that had a familiar air about it, but without comment walked into the parlor. There on the sofa sat my Aunt Dorothy, with Birdie in her arms, a picture of contentment.

"Oh, auntie! did you drop from the sky!" I exclaimed, as I felt her motherly arms about me.

"No, Gracie, child; I left Cross Corners yesterday, and stayed all night in Poughkeepsie. I've just come from there. It seemed lonely at home without Emily and Rob, so I packed up my trunk and thought I would come down and eat my Thanksgiving dinner with you and John."

"Blessed thought!" I said. Adding, *sotto voce*, to Alice: "If there be any to eat."

Aunt Dorothy's hearing is by no means dull, and, catching the last words, she said:

"Alice has been telling me about your perplexities, dearie, and I promise you we shall have a dinner fit for a king—or for John, who is as good as a king any day, and better far than some of those feckless Stuarts."

Aunt Dorothy's mother was Scotch, and the old expressions often came most readily to her tongue.

"Come all and help me unpack my trunk. Come you, too, wee bairnie."

"I'll tum," cried Birdie, in high glee.

To her it was a grand frolic to have Aunt Dorothy her devoted slave, with no nurse to restrain her freedom.

"But, auntie," I said, putting on my long face again, "the fire in the range is going out, and I cannot make it up again."

"Never you worry about that—cannot is not in my dictionary. Stop puckering up that bonnie face o' yours. I know all about fires, and have never yet seen the stove that I could'na conquer."

"In fact," said Alice, "there is the most splendid fire in the range this very minute."

"Then I'll say no more about difficulties; they all vanish before the magic of Aunt Dorothy's touch. Here is the dear old trunk of sweet memory, for it was always full of good things when you came to see me at school, auntie," I said, fitting the key, while the birdling danced a fairy dance around it as if it had been a fetich, singing:

"Dood sings! dood sings!"

"See now whether Aunt Dorothy's trunk will prove false to its old character," said my aunt with becoming pride, as from its depths she brought forth treasures rich and rare.

A turkey roasted to a beautiful brown, loaves of cake, pumpkin puddings of the traditional New England sort, and bunches of celery from her own garden, that were as beautiful as bouquets, met our eager gaze.

"Oh, Alice!" I cried, "here is our Thanksgiving dinner ready cooked."

"What did I tell you," said Aunt Dorothy, triumphantly. "All would be well if you had some one to wait on the table."

"I'll send you our waitress," suggested Alice, kindly.

"No, thank you; I should rather not have your mother know anything about my dilemma; she might hesitate about coming."

"I have thought of a plan," said Aunt Dorothy. "When Alice goes home I'll put on my bonnet and go as far as Mary Connor's and get her eldest bairn to come and help us."

"Is Mary the woman who was always seizing 'a golden opportunity' to write to Aunt Dorothy?" asked Alice.

"The very same," said my aunt. "The last golden opportunity was seized to inform me of the death of her husband. She added: 'Though he was a man with some inconsistencies, he was alway a good husband to me.' His inconsistency was in being drunk half the time, but Mary was determined to express it elegantly."

"'The peripatetic dictionary,' John calls her. Do you think that that small darky, who rejoices in the name of Venus, will be able to lift that turkey?" I said, looking at the monster elevating its drumsticks before me.

"John will have to put it on the table for her, and I warrant the dish to be lighter when it goes off," said Aunt Dorothy.

When John came home that evening, he started back surprised at the gay salutation with which I met him; but the mystery was explained when Aunt Dorothy came forward to claim her welcome. She is a great favorite of John's, who has pleasant courtship associations connected with her and the dear old place at Cross Corners, and his greeting was a hearty one.

"What angel told you to come to us just now?" he asked.

"I have never been looked upon as anything uncanny or spiritual before to-day," said Aunt Dorothy. "Gracie asked me if I had dropped from the sky—but I notice that I have been busy attending to most material wants since my arrival."

"Oh! but you could understand me, if you had seen the picture of despair that I left this morning. I felt like singing 'The heart bowed down with grief,' when I came in and found my poor Gracie——"

"Now, John, don't exaggerate."

"Yes, and her bonnie face was all puckered up in worriment when I first saw her."

"But it's as fair as a summer morning now," said John, kissing me, "and all owing to your angel visit, Aunt Dorothy."

"Oh, but the man has a flattering tongue!" she exclaimed, well pleased, as we went in to dinner.

"I hardly expected any dinner to-day," said John, with that air of modesty which he, in common with most of his sex, knows so well how to assume.

"Would you be so smiling without any?" said Aunt Dorothy, shrewdly, with a glance at me. "For my part, I think a man must be well fed to be kept in a good humor, like any other animal."

Yet Aunt Dorothy has a great reverence for men, manly men like John, and although she fully understands their small weaknesses, is always ready to humor them, as she would those of a pet bear.

While we were enjoying our dessert, I saw a dark shadow cross John's face.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "You are aware, of course, that you are partaking of one of Aunt Dorothy's famous puddings; I did not make it."

"It is ambrosial, and do I ever find fault with your puddings, Gracie, that you are up in arms so quickly?"

"No; I seldom make any. Miss Rivers is more skilful than I in such matters. But what is the matter?"

"It has just occurred to me, my dear, I met George Knight a week ago, and remembering that we expected to have the family on Thanksgiving Day, invited him to come up and dine with us. I am very sorry, now, but you know he is one of my oldest friends."

"Oh, John!" I exclaimed, and would have said more; but Aunt Dorothy taking the man's side as usual gave me a meaning glance, adding:

"And why should not John bring home his old friend? Gracie and I expect to have a dinner fit for gods or men."

"With a small swarthy-faced daughter of the gods to wait on us," I said, trying to emulate Aunt Dorothy's cheerfulness, while John bestowed on her a smile of infinite gratitude.

Our dinner was, as John's enthusiastic young sister Bessie expressed it, "a wild success!"

A full half hour before the guests arrived I swept into the parlor, in the dress that John likes best, a soft dove-colored silk, endeavoring to appear "mistress of myself," though I had no maids to command. A moment later Aunt Dorothy came down, radiant in the time honored brown satin that has graced so many weddings, and the small handmaid, arrayed in her best with one of my white aprons pinned around her waist, in lieu of the famed cestus of the goddess, put her head in at the parlor door to ask what she should do with a large box that had just arrived.

"A box; I know all about that," said John, coming in with Birdie to complete the group. "It is a box of flowers and grapes that Knight has sent up from his father's hot house to adorn your festal board, Gracie. Here is his note."

"What beauties!" I exclaimed, when the box was opened. "I was sighing over my empty *epergne* this morning. John, I was very near giving you a dreadful scolding for inviting Captain Knight," gathering up a handful of spicy carnations and lovely half-blown roses as I spoke, "and if I had, how should I feel now, with all these coals of fire heaped upon my head?"

"Quick! get the a——, what do you call it?" cried Aunt Dorothy, "or you will have no time to arrange your flowers."

Indeed I had scarcely time to give my beautiful stand a final touch when John said:

"Here they come, two by two, the elephant and the kangaroo."

"Which is the kangaroo? Not the captain, and certainly not Miss Rivers! Oh! fie, John," adding in a whisper, "I charge you, do not forget to go out five minutes before dinner and carry in the turkey for Venus. I see, in my mind's eye, a confused vision of turkey, small maid, dish and gravy over my new carpet."

"I solemnly promise to assist the queen of beauty," said John.

"And you must take Miss Rivers in to dinner."

"Yes, any more commands, small tyrant?"

I cast a triumphant glance across the flowers toward John's end of the table, when the dinner was fairly started, my neat handed Phyllis having dispensed the turkey with wonderful dexterity. Captain Knight must have intercepted that glance, intended only for my liege lord, and felt that something more than usual had occasioned it, for from that moment he exerted himself to be agreeable. One amusing story followed another, told with inimitable drollery and mimicry, until the whole table was a grin, as John expressed it.

Bessie was convulsed, Venus dropped her waiter to cover her confusion, and even Ellen Rivers relaxed, for she winced, and shook with laughter. Aunt Dorothy, sitting between John's mother and father, was moved to tell some of her rare old stories, while Birdie who had kept perfectly still during the bursts of merriment that followed the captain's sallies, cried out and clapped her hands, as if she fully appreciated Aunt Dorothy's wit.

It is a picture to be remembered, that graceful flower-crowned board with its rim of merry happy faces. My daughter's fair as a snowdrop, its whiteness enhanced by the dark shadow of Ethiopia standing behind her chair, Aunt Dorothy's face bright with the pink that will always be hers, John's father patriarchal and dignified, John, well I need not attempt to describe him, except to say that any woman might be proud of such a John. Bessie's golden head droops so low that I cannot see her fair young face—is she laughing? No, Captain Knight is saying something to her in a low tone.

How handsome he is!

"A well matched pair!" I heard Aunt Dorothy say to Miss Rivers, as we left the dining room, and I turned to look at Bessie, who had just taken a rose bud from my *epergne*, for which the captain, looking down into her face, was asking her with glance and tone that few women could resist.

"She gave it to him," said Aunt Dorothy, as I passed by her a moment later to ask Miss Rivers for some music.

Of all people in the world Aunt Dorothy has most sympathy with lovers, and—well, I am like my aunt. There was once an attachment, or something, between Bessie and the captain; but for sometime there has been a coolness. That rose bud, and the glances, and the tender song which Bessie sang afterwards in a sweet tremulous voice, and the confiding manner with which she put her hand in the captain's arm, and started off for that long walk home in the moonlight. "looked like it," as Aunt Dorothy said, with an ominous shake of her dear old head.

Strolling through the "banquet hall deserted," after the last guest had departed, John picked up some broken glasses, and holding them up before me, like old Kaspar in the ballad, cried, "But 'twas a splendid victory!"

FOR BOYS.—It is not necessary that a boy who learns a trade is compelled to follow it all his life. Gov. Palmer, of Illinois, was a country blacksmith once, and began his political career as a constable in Macoupin county. A circuit judge in the central part of Illinois was once a tailor. Thomas Hoyne, a rich and eminent lawyer of Illinois, was once a book-binder. Erastus Corning, of New York, was too lame to do hard labor, and commenced as a shop boy in Albany. When he applied for employment first, he was asked, "Why, my boy, what can you do?" "Can do what I am bid," was the answer that secured him a place. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, was a shoemaker. Thurlow Weed was a canal boat driver. Ex-Governor Stone, of Iowa, was a cabinet-maker, which trade the late Stephen A. Douglas, also worked at in his youth. Large numbers of men of prominence now living, have risen from humble life by dint of industry, without which talent is as useless as a gold coin on a barren island. Work alone makes men bright, and it does not alone depend on the kind of work you have to do whether you rise or not. It depends on how you do it.

A MAN is by nothing so much himself, as by his temper and the character of his passions and affections. If he loses what is manly and worthy in these, he is as much lost to himself as when he loses his memory and understanding.

THE EVERLASTING PITY.

As lies the blue behind the thunder cloud,
As lurk the snow drops 'neath the drifted snow,
As the bright buds till April calls aloud
Hide deep within the black and leafless bough,
So, despite care and sorrow, loss and fret,
God's loving pity guards His children's fates:
Oh, in our darkness let us trust Him yet,
Whose Comforter each patient soul awaits.

Believe the rankling wound in love is sent,
Believe the grief in chastening mercy comes,
And so the bitter "why" to faith will melt,
And sorrow smile along her darling's tombs.
Watching the violets grow the grassy lane,
That late in desolate Winter chill we trod,
Let the sweet flowers preach to the lonely pain
The everlasting pity of our God.

THE LOST DIAMOND,

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER,

Author of "Mystery of the Reef," "The White Girl of the Ridge," Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 9, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XXXI

LAST DAYS OF A TIRED LIFE.

When Barbara left Rhoda and her mother alone together the night before their disappearance from Elm street, the latter gave way to a fit of useless lamentation on the subject of the lost Norah, and the painful shadows that rested on her name. Rhoda, on the contrary, seemed transformed by the misfortunes that had befallen them into a quiet and energetic thinker and actor. She repressed her grief, and lost no opportunity of searching for Norah, being fully impressed with the belief that she had been forcibly abducted by the man calling himself Dalton.

Deep and bitter regret for her own weakness in listening to this villain, and by her vanity and credulity rendering his vile plans for her sister's disgrace and injury all too easy of accomplishment, rendered her all the more eager to undo the harm she accused herself of aiding.

She had gone to every place Dalton had ever mentioned to her as the residence of himself or acquaintances, and found, on enquiry, that in no instance had he told her the truth. The man under that alias at least, was totally unknown wherever she asked for him, and though, in spite of her mother's fears that she would bring Norah under the hand of the law for the offense with which she was unjustly charged—by so doing—she also went to the police station, and giving a minute description of the missing girl, offered a reward for any trace of her.

At first she had been hopeful, but as the days passed her heart sank and her fears deepened. She preserved a steady cheerfulness, however, for her mother's sake, and never gave way to the tears that would swell in her eyes, as she thought of her lost Norah, while poor Mrs. Eldridge was by.

On the evening in question she sustained her mother most tenderly with hopes she did not feel, and strove to encourage her with every cheering idea she could conjure.

In the midst of her effort a loud ring had sounded at the door, and on her answering it, a letter had been thrust in her hand by a person she scarcely saw till he was gone again.

On opening it, its contents proved to be at once exciting and hopeful. It was written in Norah's hand, with signs of haste and agitation in its execution, and seemed to have been done at the moment of departure from the city.

It ran thus:

DEAREST MOTHER AND RHODA—I have been forced to remain away from you and keep you in cruel suspense so long because I knew that in the end you would approve of what I have done and am doing. I have discovered an important and valuable secret, and we need no longer fear the caprice of wealth and power, but be independent of all the world. I will tell you everything when we meet. I go at once to ——, where I expect you to follow me secretly, as soon as you receive this, and for the purposes of the journey I enclose this bank note. Do not fear to spend; we are soon to be beyond the need of care and poverty."

Then followed a most accurate and elaborate direction as to the route, hour of starting, and description of how to reach the depot, etc., with a reiterated entreaty that they would permit nothing to delay them, but come at once to learn all, and enjoy her new found prosperity with her.

On reading it over for the third time in a state of delightful bewilderment, Mrs. Eldrige glanced towards the clock.

"We have just one hour and ten minutes to reach the depot, and gain the train she mentions here," she cried. "Make haste, Rhoda; don't lose an instant. It's all as plain as day to me that your sister has somehow found out her real birth and place in the world. I am so glad, for I have been bitterly blaming myself for so long keeping back that letter that the dying woman gave me for her."

Rhoda stood with her lips compressed and her brows knit, thinking deeply.

"Mother," she broke out at length, "I don't like this letter; it doesn't sound like our Norah."

"What do you mean?" demanded her mother, impatiently. "Don't you see her writing, and doesn't she say that she will tell us all when we join her at ——? Hurry, Rhoda, dear, and don't waste time in foolish uncertainty; there's plenty of money to pay our way twice over, and she will, no doubt, be waiting for us when we arrive."

Mrs. Eldrige's eagerness to follow what she thought was Norah's directions rose partly from her love of the girl, who, though not her own born daughter, had been as faithful and devoted to her as love and obedience could make her, and in part from her strong desire to free herself from the charge the dying woman had imposed on her. Somehow she had mixed the letter and package up with the painful occurrences that had lately transpired, and felt that its contents could relieve them of their subservience to others, and restore Norah to an independence to which she was rightfully born. Therefore, she displayed more decision and energy than Rhoda had ever before seen her exercise, and urged by such an unusual show of determination on her mother's part, the reluctant girl tried to persuade herself she was right in following out the programme laid down in the letter, in accordance with which another hour saw their house on Elm street deserted; and then, seated in a Southern bound train, with only a small traveling bag packed with a few necessaries of the journey.

To us who know at whose instigation and for what purpose they were sent on that journey, there need be no surprise in the fact that the two women arrived at its end after two days travel, to discover themselves alone in a strange city, without a face to greet them upon which they had ever looked before.

After an hour or two of waiting in the depot, and gradually growing alarm on the part of Mrs. Eldrige, which Rhoda, who had been uneasy from the first, tried hard to overcome until she saw there was really no hope to cling to, they went to a respectable lodging and left word at the waiting-room where they had gone.

Next morning Rhoda returned to see if any one had inquired for them, but found they were still uncalled for. After several days passed in this disheartening manner, Mrs. Eldrige fell ill, and Rhoda, seeing what lay before her, removed at once to the cheapest place she could find, and devoted herself to nursing her mother.

Poor woman; she had been so buoyed by the certainty of meeting Norah, and the final dispersion of all doubts and mysteries, that the painful shock of the disappointment that befell her was too much for her weak frame. She had never been perfectly restored from the state in which Miss St. Croix's benevolence found her, and now she sank into a low and lingering fever that refused to yield to Rhoda's constant care, and the best medicines that her exhausted purse could procure her.

Who could have recognized the foolishly ambitious and self-sufficient Rhoda in the pale, thoughtful and devoted girl, who bravely met the difficulties of an unprovided life among strangers, alone and unaided, for it was plain even to her inexperienced eyes, that her mother's days were numbered, and that she would soon stand an orphan in a strange place. She had no time for idle grief or morbid repinings. She could not even stop to marvel over the unexplained purpose of their being brought so far from home by a forged letter, and then left to suffer. From the first she had suspected the authenticity of the document; but now she was certain that Norah never wrote it, and her fears for the poor girl's safety increased as she realized the toils by which she must be surrounded.

But when want and misery stared her in the face, there was nothing for it but to stifle every fear and regret, and set to work bravely. Through the kindness of a milliner who lodged in the same house she got employment at a small compensation, and did her very best to render the tuition at Madame Laferve's of use to her in her present position.

Her mother grew too ill to leave, and then by the influence of the same kind friend she was allowed to carry her work home, and nurse and tend the invalid between times.

The work was laborious in its constancy, and the remuneration small; but by faithfully and unceasingly toiling, she managed to keep from actual want, and supply her dying mother with positive necessaries. These were dark and gloomy days for the lonely heart-broken Rhoda, and when she sat long after midnight, watching and sewing while her mother slept, she would recall her vain folly with bitter regret, and weep almost hopelessly for her darling Norah, who had hitherto shielded her so unselfishly, and borne the burden on her own young shoulders.

After months of fading and slow sinking illness, Mrs. Eldrige breathed her last, while Rhoda knelt in desolate sorrow beside her dying head.

She had been lying in a sort of stupor for days, but just before the final hour she revived and spoke to her weeping daughter in a faint but perfectly intelligible voice.

"Poor Rhoda," she said, "what a terrible trial you have passed through, but it is nearly over now, and after this dark night morning is dawning for you as well as for me. I feel that heaven will not desert you; for you have acted nobly, and are a true, good child, well deserving a dying mother's best blessing, which I now give you."

She raised her feeble hands and pressed them tenderly on Rhoda's bowed head, with many a fervent prayer for her future happiness, and that of the absent Norah's. Then her voice failed her, and motioning faintly for her daughter to draw closer still, she faltered in an almost inaudible whisper:

"Give Norah the packet—go back—she is there—find her—all's well——"

These were her last words, when her lips ceased to move Rhoda was an orphan.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MOLLIE SPEAKS AGAIN.

The day following the interview between George Bland and Norah, when they had seen Geoffrey Maynard skulking near Mr. Graff's house, both Norah and Maud were unusually quiet and depressed.

The former was struggling between her unconquerable desire to free herself from the toils of the mystery that oppressed and darkened her life, and her unselfish dread of compromising her friend and protector in the effort.

Maud was saddened by an indefinable foreboding, and the painful nature of her last evening with her lover.

"What could that miserable scrawl contain that would shake a man like George Bland?" she kept repeating. "What could he fear, a noble, high-minded gentleman to be overcome by the vague threat of an anonymous vagabond? There must be some strange secret beneath it all. Oh, why would he not trust her with it?"

"Let us go out together, Norah," she said, turning to the silent girl, whose thoughts were as busy as her own; "we are both depressed to-day it seems, and the clear autumn air and sunshine will cheer us."

Norah hesitated a moment; if she encountered Geoffrey Maynard again it must be with a mind nerved for action, and in the painful conflict she was then enduring she could not count on the needed courage.

She knew her first accusation against the villain Maynard would call down his wrath on Mr. Bland, and so she hesitated.

"Come, Norah, dear," urged Maud, winding her arm round her friend tenderly, "I am strangely sad to-day, and I need your sympathy and the sunshine too to brighten me."

Norah yielded, resolving to avoid her enemy if possible until she consulted with George again, and they soon found themselves under the elms in the park where the day before she had seen him pass.

Maud tried hard to shake off her own depression, and since it was rather a vague one, she partially succeeded. Then she turned to Norah, and knowing her poor friend's double cause of uneasiness in the loss of her friends and the painful circumstances surrounding her flight from Miss St. Croix's, she strove to cheer her with all the hopefulness of her disinterested affection.

"Do you know, dear Norah," she said confidently, "I am quite persuaded that our queer friend Mollie is at work in your cause, and that she will before long have some good news to tell us."

At that moment a young gentleman of fine appearance and manly beauty, whose face struck Maud familiarly, passed them both with a rather sad and pre-occupied air, and without raising his eyes.

"I have seen that gentleman somewhere," she said, "but I cannot recall the time or place. Ah, yes, I do now; don't you know, Norah, it was he who rode by with your sister that day in such a beautiful phaeton?"

She turned to her companion, and found her deadly pale and gasping as if for breath.

"Oh, Norah!" she exclaimed in alarm, "what is the matter, can I do nothing for you?"

"Nothing, it is passed now. I—I am very easily startled I think, and something—that is I thought I saw——"

She broke down, and passed her hand over her face once or twice to hide its workings.

A sudden and painful light flashed on Maud's mind; this gentleman, at sight of whom her friend had been so strangely overcome, must be the Alfred Falconer of her delirium. She remembered how Norah's color had changed, and how she endeavored to repress her emotion at the street corner that day he dashed by with Rhoda in his carriage, and her own yearning heart made her long for the poor girl's confidence in the hope of lessening her sorrow by trying to share it.

Norah, on the contrary, seemed to shrink away from Maud's tenderly interested eye, to hug her secret pain and cover it from sight.

"Why will you not trust me, Norah?" said the affectionate girl, appealingly. "I have long since guessed your secret, and yearned to share it with you."

Norah trembled convulsively, and hid her face.

"Do not speak of it," she implored. "I am too much ashamed of my weakness in clinging so desperately to one who can cast me off without a thought. True love, Maud, must be incapable of doubt or suspicion, for to be true it must be founded on trust and respect."

"You are right," cried Maud, her own brow clearing and her heart lightened as if by magic sunshine, "and I will prove it by flinging aside the faintest cloud of suspicion or uncertainty on the subject of George's conduct last night. Let me deserve your confidence by bestowing mine, my dear friend," and she hurriedly related the incident of the evening before, already known to Norah.

"You are right to reproach yourself for doubting your lover," cried Norah, ardently; "give him all the faith of your whole soul and rely on him despite the effect of circumstances; the clouds of evil that enmity and malice may gather round his head. You ask for my confidence, dear Maud, and believe me I have withheld nothing through lack of love and faith, but through chagrin at my own weakness in clinging so painfully to one who did not really value me, or he would never have left me without a word of hope or kindness when he knew the unjust suspicion his cousin, Miss St. Croix, had formed against me."

"You mean Mr. Falconer," said Maud, "and that was he who passed us a moment ago."

Norah bent her head affirmatively, and after a moment's silence, in which she seemed to struggle with her feelings, she went on:

"But even if he were true to the tenderness he professed for me, I would not claim his love while such a cloud rests on me. You know I had that diamond that I meant to carry back, when the cruel wretch Maynard—I mean that mysterious man—forced me away with him, and kept me prisoner in that frightful place. I never knew what became of the gem——"

"Hush!" cried a voice, that seemed to come from the ground at their feet.

They were seated near the myrtle-hedge with their faces close together, and talking earnestly when this sudden sound, uttered just between them, made them start violently.

A brown hand, small and thin, and roughened by exposure, was thrust from between the myrtles and plucked them by the dress, and part of a queer, cunning face peeped out after it.

"It is Mollie!" exclaimed they both beneath their breath.

"Hush!" repeated the girl, warningly, "sit still just as you are, and look as if no one was near but yourselves. If you don't, I'll go away, for I can do you no good and I'll be sure to bring you into trouble if I stay."

"Yes, yes, we will do as you say, Mollie," said Maud and Norah at once; "but why are you in such fear of discovery?"

"It's not me, but you that is watched," returned the hidden girl. "I've been hunting round to get a chance like this for two days, but I could always see somebody on the look-out. The rich gent has found you out, and if he nabs you again, there's no earthly chance of your escaping from him, for he will give you a quieting dose. I heard him swear it the night he came down to our place and found your cage empty, and you flown off. Oh, wasn't he mad though!"

"But how did he find me out this time?" asked Norah, anxiously.

"Tracked you, I suppose; he doesn't talk free to Matt or old Mother Webb any more; he has 'em under his thumb now, and orders 'em round sharp and hard, I tell you!"

"How do you know that he means to take me again, Mollie? I do not believe he would dare to do it."

"Then you don't know how desperate he is," said the girl. "I found out about this move as I have found out everything else, by spying and listening. I ain't had half my sleep lately; but I don't mind that so that I can hear all that's going on. Ever since you've been away we have had hard times, for Matt has been awful short of money, and the rich gent won't give 'em a cent except they do just what he says. So Matt and the old woman have been plotting together to ruin some one they call Tyrrell—"

"Don't tell us about him now, please," hastily interposed Norah, for she recognized the name as the one by which Mother Webb had addressed George Bland, and she was intensely anxious to spare Maud from a premature knowlge of the plot against her lover.

"There's somebody else that a rich gent is afraid of," continued Mollie, after a short stare of surprise directed rough the opening in the myrtle bush Norah, for so hastily stopping her cadence concerning the victim Tyrrell. Shall I tell you about *him?*"

"Yes, if you will, dear Mollie," rejoined Norah, apologetically. "You are very good to be so kind to us."

"I like you," said the girl, gruffly. "Well, last night but one, the gent comes down to the Slums when I was quiet, and I gets out of my old nook, where me and the cat sleeps together, and creeps down to listen. He told Mother Webb that he has found you out, and you must be got out of the city by fair means or foul this time, for as one he called *Sharkey* was coming out of jail where he ought to have died years ago, and he would be sure to make mischief about 'the girl,' as he called you. Then Matt spoke up, and says he, 'Old Sharkey must be all muddled by prison life; so many years in the stone jug is enough to make a fellow forget everything he ever knowed, and I'm sure the old rat will just creep out to die in a corner quietly, and not bother nobody, except his old woman, may-be, for a bit of rub.'

"You ought to have heard the gent swear then, and storm around, telling Matt and Mother Webb a couple o'fools. He said he had been to the prison often in disguise, and found out all about Sharkey, and he was as sharp and wicked as the old serpent himself. 'He isn't the kind that forgets a grudge,' he cried; "and you know he owes me a blow, and would be only too glad to get hold of this girl to ruin me. He shan't do it! I'll be ahead of him, and get her out of the way if I have to choke her off with my own hands; by—— I will!'"

Maud clasped Norah's hand and trembled, and turned pale at this threat.

"What a terrible villain this must be, and what a wicked hate he must cherish against you, my darling, innocent Norah!" she cried.

"Hush!" whispered Moll, warningly; "one of them may be skulking and this very minute. Don't let 'em see you squirm or look frightened, or they'll be sure to suspect I've told you something."

Norah had not moved or spoke; it was Maud who displayed all the alarm her friend was very pale, but she sat quite still and thoughtful, with an expression of quiet courage and resolve making her colorless face.

It was to her Mollie spoke, and her sharp and penetrating eyes were fixed on her from the first.

"You're thinking who you'd best get to help you against these devils," said she, coolly. "I'll tell you. Get that lady what lives in the big house on Cortland Terrace, and her handsome cousin, that young gent—"

Norah's self-control forsook her at this point, and she broke out in an imploring cry:

"Don't, don't, Mollie! You do not know what you are speaking about; that lady and gentleman believe me unworthy, and are no longer my friends."

"Oh, bother!" cried Mollie, sharply. "It's you that don't know what you're saying. I tell you they are just the ones to go to, and since they got back the diamond, they've done everything they could to find you."

"Who gave them the diamond?" exclaimed Norah, almost springing from her seat in her excitement.

"I did. It fell from your clothes that night they brought you down to the place insensible, and nobody but me saw it. I put my old hood on it quick, and then I picked it up and hid it. That night when I listened at the hole in the cave, I heard you raving about it being stole from Miss St. Croix, and saying that you'd die if it wasn't took back so the first chance I got I carried it there, and left it."

"Oh, Mollie! Mollie!" cried Norah, in a burst of thankful tears. "You have taken a leaden load from my heart!"

"Yes, and I've got something else for you. See here, it's a book the old woman took out of a bundle of your clothes she 'hooked from you,' she said. It is all gibberish inside, but I found a letter pinned on one leaf. Take it—I'm off. I see Matt over there outside the railing, and he'd smash me if he caught me round. Good-bye!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ALFRED'S TRUTH.

Before either of the young ladies could stay her, she had scampered away in a stooping posture, and getting outside the park, at an opposite gate, darted down the first alley she came to, from whence she soon emerged with her large basket, equipped and ready for her beggar's trade.

Norah's hands trembled so that they could scarce hold the book that had been thrust into them, and she looked as if about to faint.

"Let us get home at once," Maud said. "See, that man she called Matt is looking towards us from behind the evergreen yonder."

She assisted her companion to rise, and led her unresistingly away with her. Norah's brain seemed in a whirl of excited feeling, the predominant one of which was a sense of joy at her release from the haunting fear she had cherished on the subject of the lost diamond.

Her heart throbbed tumultuously at the thought of the concealed letter the French book had contained, with the contents of which she was still unacquainted, but which she felt sure in some way explained the conduct of Alfred Falconer towards her.

She could not tell how she reached home and found herself in her own chamber, but there she was, alone, with her precious letter in her hand, for Maud, anxious as she was to learn its effect on her friend's welfare, had too much delicacy to intrude on its perusal.

Trembling violently from expectation and suspense, she broke the seal, after seeing that the envelope bore her own name, and was fastened to a fly leaf of the book, which fact had prevented her discovering its existence earlier.

It ran thus:

"MY DARLING NORAH: My throbbing heart tells me I am not wrong in thus addressing you, and this moment of a forced parting is too precious to waste in ceremony. You know I love you, and have loved you from the first moment of our meeting, but you cannot know how unutterably and devotedly my heart is yours, nor can I tell you in words, the future must prove what I have no power to express, and only write now as a reiteration of what my every word and look must have long since told you.

"I should have spoken to you to-day, and prayed you to bless me with your promise to be my wife, for the past fortnight I have thought of nothing else, but your strange avoidance has rendered it impossible for me to see you alone. I can no longer keep so important a matter secret from my cousin Evelyn, and yet without your consent it seems presuming to speak of our love to her. I am now summoned in haste to my brother's sick bed, and I dare not linger longer even to write to you, my life, my love. I entreat you to cast aside the false pride that has of late been a barrier between us, and look on me as I am, a man, young and strong to make my way in life, if I am so blest as to win that priceless jewel, your love, but without you, a wretch deprived of hope or impulse.

"Don't in pity's name, plead your want of wealth against my humble suit. I am so unworthy of you, that the small superiority I possess in worldly riches is all that gives me courage to woo you. But I can plead better with my lips than my pen. I will not be long absent. Your image goes with me in my heart, and when I return one smile from those beautiful eyes will bless me beyond aught else earth can bestow, for I shall know then that you believe my devotion, and do not scorn the unutterable affection of

"Your constant lover,

"ALFRED FALCONER."

The writing was a hasty scrawl, very unlike the fine hand usually executed by the young gentleman, but Norah kissed it rapturously, and pressed it to her bosom with frantic fondness, crying over this hasty and unstudied expression of her lover's tenderness, those delicious tears that relieve a pent-up, overburdened heart.

For the next hour she quite forgot all else but her absent mother and sister and Alfred Falconer.

He loved her, she would never again doubt it, and his love for her would make him her champion, and relieve George Bland of the painful task of meeting his malicious enemy in her persecutor Maynard.

Alfred had no fear of the villain, and he would defend her against him and discover Rhoda and her mother where they were. All would be well now. She could see no cloud, feel no alarm. The knowledge of love returned had swallowed every fear, and chased away gloom and foreboding.

At length, and with a pang of self-reproach, she thought of Maud.

"Oh, what a selfish creature I am!" she exclaimed, regretfully. "I who have given my generous and noble friend so much trouble and uneasiness thus to secrete my joy."

She caught up the letter and hurried out of her chamber, inquiring for Maud of Kitty, the maid, who sat sewing in the boudoir.

"She went out, Miss Norah, about an hour ago," said Kitty. "She seemed in a great hurry, and did not say where she was going."

"Nor when she should return?"

"No, Miss Norah, she never said a word about it at all, except to tell me that I must not disturb you. But listen; there she is now, just come in the hall door. Shall I tell her you want to see her, Miss Norah?"

"No, I will go down myself."

And Norah dashed impulsively down stairs to where Maud stood at the drawing-room door.

She had not thought of how she would frame her confidence to her friend, or in what manner she would explain the assurances conveyed in the letter, but no sooner did she find herself alone in the parlor with her than she burst into tears, and flinging herself on Maud's breast, fluttered out:

"Dear Maud, he loves me, and asks me to be his wife. He is true, and I can fear nothing any more if he were only by my side!"

In the midst of her emotion she became aware of some painful feeling on Maud's part. Her arms tenderly embraced her friend, but her face was full of sadness and disappointment, and her bosom heaved with feelings she endeavored to repress.

"Oh, why did you not let me attract his attention when he was so close to us yesterday," she said, distressfully; "why did you permit your pride to come between you and happiness, Norah! You bade me be true and firm in my faith in George, yet you let your doubts divide you from the one you love, and who loves you worthily."

"What do you mean?" gasped Norah, anxiously.

"I knew that the letter would explain all," said Maud, "and intent on crowning your happiness, I went to find Mr. Falconer, and relieve the agony of uncertainty that has so long oppressed his heart——"

"Darling Maud! how kind! how generous! But speak on."

"I went to Courtland Terrace in all haste, but found myself an hour too late. He had gone."

"Gone where?" demanded Norah, wildly, her face, but an instant before radiant with hope and expectation, now changed to blank and pallid despair.

"I do not know—no one knows. I did not leave the house till I had exhausted every means of inquiry, but all in vain. He has been strangely gloomy and despondent of late, and to-day he suddenly went away without further explanation than a penciled line to his cousin, Miss St. Croix, announcing his leaving the city, without the slightest allusion to the time of his return."

Norah sank speechlessly on the nearest sofa, and buried her face in her hands, as if to shut out the mocking rays of the dawn of joy that had deceived her.

"My poor darling," said Maud, "this is worse than the sorrow you had grown used to enduring. Oh, how I wish I could spare you such bitter disappointment!"

"No, no; I am not so much to be pitied!" exclaimed Norah, struggling with her grief. "Since I know he loves me, and no longer doubt his faith and truth, I can bear all else. But why did I not overcome my stubborn pride, and speak to him yesterday! Perhaps we may never, never meet again!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THINK.—Do your own thinking. Yes, that is the idea. Think for yourself. It is well to listen to the expressed thoughts of others, and it is an agreeable pastime to give expression to your thoughts; but when alone, weigh what you have said. It is well to do this, for it will assist in curing you of false notions, and in eradicating unprofitable ideas; and in time making you better.

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THE CROWN PRINCESS AT THE REVIEW.

One of the pleasantest features of the recent manœuvres of the German army in Silesia was the appearance on the field of the Crown Princess of Germany, who, as all our readers are doubtless aware, is the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria. First she appeared at the head of the regiment of which she is chief; then on the arm of the Kaiser, winning Silesian hearts by her dash on the field of parade and her amiability and grace. The Germans are very proud of their future Queen and Empress. The Emperor, too, appeared delighted with his daughter-in-law when he saw her leading at a hot pace her regiment of hussars past him and his guests. Regiment after regiment were filed by the Kaiser, every man behaving at his best. The Crown Princess as chief of the 2nd Hussars, led her regiment past the tribune, sitting on her horse easily and gracefully greeting the Kaiser by touching her cap with the silver handle of her riding whip, and then swinging round, dashed up to the suite, guiding her horse up to the Kaiser's side. Enthusiastic hurrahs greeted her, handkerchiefs fluttered, and the Kaiser took her hand and thanked her in a very affectionate manner. The Princess came up slightly flushed from the ride, but, as the German ladies declared, she looked charming. In the evening she appeared on the arm of the Emperor in the Irrgarten, where a grand festival took place in honor of the Imperial visit, and she came in for a large share of the popular enthusiasm No foreign princess has ever made herself more beloved by the Prussians than the Crown Princess. During the war she visited hospitals, and was ever foremost in promoting charities, the aim of which was to give assistance to the sick and wounded.

FACETIÆ.

SPANISH women are great S'nores.

"BELLES" call a great many people to church.

To do business a man must have dollars and sense.

WHY is the job-stone like a scrofulous child? Because it's often imposed upon.

WHY is the type of an unfinished job like old cheese? Because it is live matter.

IN a Scotch court a witness swore to the identity of a chicken "from its resemblance to its mother."

WHY is a printing office like a well regulated financial institution? Because there are plenty of quoins in the bank.

CONVERSATION between Cincinnati young ladies—"She's the most disagreeable girl I ever saw." "Yes, and the proudest, though her father peeked only a hundred hogs last year."

"THERE may be such a thing as love at first sight," remarked a Detroit girl, as she twisted a "frix" around the curling iron, "but I don't believe in it. There's Fred, I saw him a hundred times before I loved him. In fact, I shouldn't have fallen in love when I did, if his father hadn't given him that house and lot."

THE small boy going to Europe kept a diary for his sister: "June 12. Very Ruff. June 14. Ruffer to-day. June 16. To-day we went 91 nots. It is still very ruff. June 17. There were not many at dinner to-day, and I liked the plums. June 19. I didn't keep a diary yesterday. Ma said it was the plums. 94 nots to-day."

THE worst case of selfishness that a Kentucky newspaper has ever been permitted to present to the public, emanated from a youth who complained because his mother put a bigger mustard-plaster on his younger brother than she did on him, after they had partaken too freely of melons and hard apples.

THE other day a would-be fashionable lady called at a neighbor's at what she thought would be supper time.

"Come in," said the neighbor, "we're having tableaux."

"I'm so glad," said the visitor; "I thought I smelt 'em, and I like them better than anything for supper."

A LITTLE fellow who was at a neighbor's house about noon the other day watched the preparations for dinner with a great deal of interest, but when asked to stay and eat something he refused.

"Why, yes, Johnny, you better stay," said the lady; "why can't you?"

"Well, 'cause," said the little fellow, "ma said I mustn't unless you ask me three times." They invited him twice more right off.

IT was at a service in a Danbury church last Thursday evening. The leader of the meeting was reading the chapter. He came to the words, "For in Heaven there shall be neither marrying nor giving in marriage," when a bald-headed man, sunk away in a corner of a seat, snapped up his head and impulsively shouted, "Thank God for that!" Then he glanced around the room in a scared, confused way, and dropped his abashed face on to his breast. The remark created a visible sensation for a moment.

A MILLINER'S apprentice went to visit her mother in the country the other Sunday, and when that worthy matron beheld her child, she exclaimed—"Isabel Maria Stephens, what on airth do you mean by coming out in broad daylight with your gown all kajummuxed up in a heap behind ye, and all bound up in that way in front of ye? And haint ye got no stockings all of one color, that ye haf to wear them zebra-colored things? Thought ye was going to be a milliner. Sh'd think yo'd married a barber, and was playing up sign-board for him. Did I ever think one of my girls would come to this!"

UNCOMFORTABLY HONEST.—As one of the dozen old women who drive milk carts around Detroit was crossing the Campus Martius recently, a chap wearing lavender pantaloons and a bright blue necktie, motioned her to stop, and then approached her and inquired:

"Do you put water in your milk?"

"Yes, sir," was her prompt reply.

"Ah, ha! So you own right up, do you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

Her prompt reply rather staggered him, but after some hesitation, he asked:

"And what makes you do it?"

"Because its much healthier for calves when mixed half-and-half!" she retorted.

She waited for him to ask another question, but he couldn't think of any.

YANKEE COURTSHIP.—One evening as I was sitting by Hetty and had worked myself up to the point of popping the question, sez I: "Hetty, if a fellow was to ask you to marry him what would you say?"

Then she laughed, and says she, "That would depend on who asked me."

"Then," sez I, "suppose it was Ned Willis?"

Sez she: "I'd tell Ned Willis, but not you."

That kinder staggered me, but I was too cute to lose opportunity, so sez I again:

"Suppose it was me?"

And then you ought to see her pout her lips. Says she:

"I don't take any supposes."

Well, now, you see there was nothing for me to do but to touch the trigger and let the gun go off. So bang it went. Sez I: "Lor, Hetty, it's me. Won't you say yes?"

And then there was a hullabaloo in my head. I don't know exctly what took place, but I thought I heard a "Yes," whispered somewhere out of the scrimmage.

A STUPENDOUS GAME OF "DRAW."—During the war a Georgian started to Marietta with some chickens for sale. He met a squad of soldiers, and they bought all his chickens but one rooster. He insisted they should take him, but they were out of money, and could not buy.

The old man said he hated to go on to town with only one chicken, and was greatly puzzled about it.

At last one of the soldiers said:

"Old man, I'll play you a game of seven up for him."

"Agreed," says the old man.

They played a long and spirited game. At last the soldier won. The old man wrung the rooster's neck and tossed him at the soldier's feet, and mounted his swabtailed pony and started home. After getting some two hundred yards he suddenly stopped, turned around and rode back and said:

"You played a fair game, and won the rooster fairly, but I'd like to know what in blazes you put up again that rooster."

MR. JONES'S MISAPPREHENSION.—It was only two days ago, remarks a temperance paper, that Jones was injudiciously full. Being painfully aware of his inebriety, he endeavored to conceal it from the public by buttoning his coat up very closely, imparting an abnormal stiffness to his knees, and tripping over his own heels. He stalked up to a street car, walked briskly in just as the horses started forward—and instantly tumbled out backward without unbending a muscle. Straightway he recovered the upright, splashed with mud, and entered the car and seated himself beside an acquaintance, making no sign of his mishap. Presently he turned to this individual and queried:

"Klisha?"

"No."

He considered a moment and then asked:

"Offetrack?"

"No."

More reflection—sleepily. Then again:

"Runoverpreapice?"

"No."

"Spizzhn?"

"No."

Somnolent cogitation.

"Any accident?"

"Not at all."

He took this piece of information into his intellectual maw, and, digesting it, concluded he must be very drunk indeed. Anxious to cover up the disgraceful fact, and turn the matter off respectably, he shortly turned again, with the bland observation:

"Well, if I'd anone that I woodent got out."

He blinked off into an unconscious state after a while, then "woke up" with his eyes very wide open, to show that he had only been thinking. He rode on about a mile beyond his street, and was finally taken home in a hack.

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GREAT MEN.—Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a pork-butcher. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a London brewer. Whitefield was the son of an innkeeper at Gloucester. Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself. Bolivar was a druggist. Mehemet Ali was a barber. Virgil was the son of a potter. Milton was the son of a scavenger. Horace was the son of a shopkeeper. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler. Robert Burns was a ploughman of Ayrshire. Shakspere was the son of a wool-stapler.

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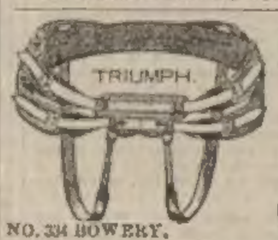

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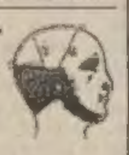

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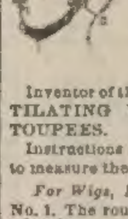

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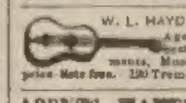

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THE BOUDOIR.

Looking over a heap of wondrously tinted ribbons, etc., and noting the infinitely divided and subdivided shades called the "new colors," we wondered if any age had seen so great a variety of tints applied to dress fabrics, as now are shown. Could the original "seven primary" ones return from primeval ages, and behold their descendants, what a daze they would find themselves in. We cannot, from an artistic point of view, cordially approve of all the new combinations, but of some, we must say, that nature is most wonderfully and accurately copied. We noticed a "dead leaf" tint in gloves, and a "robin's egg" hue in silk that were both beyond criticism—the very shade and expression of color were caught. Among the pronounced colors, a deep shade of "peacock blue," is very popular this season in Paris. We have seen several very handsome suits among the imported ones in that shade.

One had a plain underskirt of heavy faille, in a dark shade of the "peacock blue," trimmed only by a flounce of velvet, not over six inches in depth, and put on with very scant gathers. The overdress was a deep rounded apron front drawn up in loose folds towards the back, a triangular or pointed breadth at the back, taking the place of the usual sash ends. This overdress was of very fine cashmere, and bordered by a deep bias fold of faille to match the underskirt, which border was piped on both sides with velvet. A cuirass basque, corded at the bottom with velvet, and having faille sleeves with a bias of cashmere corded with velvet just above the wrist. A Byron collar of velvet lined with faille, completed a simple and elegant costume.

We saw a very distingue dress for the promenade, made of gray camel's hair cloth. It had a plain skirt trimmed with three or four rows of the wide braid, now so much in vogue. The overdress was a polonaise; it had a basque front with a deep vest, and the side pieces at the back lengthened down until they came within a foot of the bottom of the skirt; these were trimmed on the side next the middle of the back with short pieces of the braid, laid on horizontally, and fastened on the end nearest the arm seye, with a button. These pieces were not joined to the middle breadth at the back, which was simply a long straight breadth looped in flat festoons, but fastened under it by means of tapes, which held them neatly in place. The middle breadth, which we have described as being looped at regular intervals, was not in the same place as the waist, but put on under two little basque tabs at the middle of the back—these tabs were postillion shaped and trimmed with narrower braid disposed in stripe in a manner similar to those upon the skirt portion. The sleeves were trimmed in a like manner down the outer seam—a small standing collar finished the neck. Such a suit could be very readily copied, and we have, therefore, been particular to describe it with exactness.

A pretty costume of plaided material—a wide plaid of two shades of blue with hair lines of black, crossing in groups of four or five bars—was made with a deep bias flounce on the lower skirts, headed by two narrow kilt pleatings cut straight across the cloth. The front of the deep pointed apron was bias, while the back widths were straight. The cuirass basque was rather deeper than ordinary, and simply corded at the bottom. The sleeves were bias, and had deep straight cuffs. A deep Byron collar finished the neck, while a large gathered pocket was placed on the right side of the overskirt.

Another costume in brown silk, and the material known as "Snows of Spitzbergen," was made in this wise: Underskirt of silk, with three flounces ten inches in width, the middle one pleated on, the other two bias and gathered. The overdress a deep plain apron front, overlapping with "shawl points," drawn away very much towards the back, where it was gathered up to form drapery, very slightly bouffant. The only trimming upon this garment was a border of gray fur. The sleeveless jacket, which is only half tight fitting, has sleeves of the silk, fur bordered above the wrist and at the shoulder. Loose hanging sleeves of the material of the overdress were supplied with this suit to be worn on colder days than occur at the present season. A muff of brown silk, fur bordered, accompanied the suit.

Among the cloaks shown, we saw many graceful styles, some quite full and long. There is a marked preference displayed for loose hanging sleeves. They are seen in the short Dolman, of which, indeed, they form two-thirds of the garments, and they are also worn in the long, sacque, shaped pelisse, which rank among the novelties, but which are but a return to a bygone fashion, as, indeed, may be said of much that is termed "new."

For simple elegance, we can well commend a black velvet garment or cloak which we noticed. It was the old fashioned long basquine, with certain modifications. Half tight fitting, and with long Venetian sleeves. A border of black ostrich feather trimming edged the bottom, and also the sleeves. A flat pointed capote of thick faille was placed at the back of the neck, extending to the belt. A large double loop with bows of wide faille ribbon, was gracefully adjusted below the belt and across the seams of the back widths. A deep pocket of faille, gathered and ornamented with a bow of faille ribbon, mingled with velvet loops was placed far back upon the left side, and rather low down. Two bows with hanging loops were placed upon the outer seam of the large sleeves, near the bottom. A double row of finely covered crochet buttons closed the garment from throat to hem.

In furs, as we predicted, seal skin and silver fox take the precedence. There are many pretty varieties, however, more within the reach of persons with moderate means, which are very fashionable and stylish. Chinchilla has again received marks of well deserved favor from the queens of fashion. It is much used as a bordering now, and with fine effect. We cannot too warmly commend the fur lined cloaks so much in vogue. The outer material may be of fine cashmere—Sicilienne, or gros grain. The best fur for lining such garments is called "squirrel lock." There are many imitations and cheaper varieties, but none so satisfactory as the above mentioned. Seal skin turbans have given place to hats of the Derby shape, often trimmed with a short brown ostrich feather. We have seen quite a number, but must say, we think them clumsy looking, and greatly prefer the toque, or high round turban of last winter.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Very light, almost white felt hats, trimmed with a netted scarf, white, or very pale grey ostrich feather, and silver buckle are en regle for the opera, etc.

The "newest" in engagement rings is a broad corrugated band of rich yellow gold with the solitaire set up high in knife edge setting, with a fine ring of black or blue enamel encircling it.

Stamped or embossed velvets and silks are much used abroad for overdresses, polonaises, etc., in combination with plain underskirts.

The deep pockets, necessitated by the narrow "pull back," skirts, are growing larger and are more elaborately trimmed than ever.

Furs for the neck are not worn as much as hitherto—a most sensible fashion. The pretty Martha Washington kerchiefs of silk and lace, have taken the place.

Narrow silver bracelets are fashionable.

The silver and gilt trimmings in vogue for full dress toilettes in Paris appear first in this country in coiffures.

For dress occasions single-soled French kid boots are still used, untaned either in black or white stitching.

New chatelaine belts of silver wire links and clasps fasten around the waist, and have pendants for vinaigrette, fan or handkerchief.

The large silk circulars lined with fur promise to be immensely fashionable this season for carriage wraps.

Cock's plumes of deepest green shades are mounted in thick ruches, long clustered plumes, and in bandeaux that pass around the crown and hang on each side behind *a la Mercure*.

The favorite color for cloth cloaks is black, although seal brown and invisible brown, or green, is also used.

An elegant and expensive novelty for a bridal dress is a white faille overskirt, with the tablier wrought all over with seed pearls; also pearl embroideries for the corsage, the glove wrists, and the white satin slippers.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"ANNIE AND LIZZIE."—There will be no possible objection to your dressing alike—being twins and similar in complexion, makes it more appropriate.

MISS NETTIE I.—Wear your hair in a low braided knot, if you have a thin oval face; wave the front hair and draw carelessly back, leaving a few light tendrils upon the forehead.

MRS. M. V. LEGRAND, (Pascagoula, Miss.)—Make your black and white plaid with a bias overskirt, and trim with fringe. You can wear either your black cloth Dolman cape, or have a long cloak and be equally fashionable. We would advise the purchase of a black, or dark blue felt hat, with a wide rim. Very happy to answer any inquiry. NINON.

WOMENS' PAVILION FOR THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

The Women of America have played a most important part in awakening public sentiment and arousing the deep interest which is now felt throughout not alone this Continent but the whole world, in the success of our Centennial Anniversary. To them great credit is due for the energy, perseverance and faithfulness which they have displayed in connection with the Centennial work.

From the first inception of this great enterprise our women have been engaged first in raising means for the general purposes of the Exhibition by securing subscriptions to the stock of the Board of Finance and by the sale of medals issued by the Bureau of Revenue. Their efforts have been productive of very satisfactory results, and in many of the States they have really accomplished more than the men. The following figures will speak for themselves; up to the first of November, the contributions raised by the women alone towards the General Exhibition amount to the sum of $93,330.87.

Latterly all their efforts have been concentrated on the raising of funds sufficient to erect a building which is to be specially devoted to the exhibition of women's work in all its branches. The estimated cost of this building, including interior decorations, when completed, is $40,000, and towards this amount $38,000 have already been received, about $2,000 more pledged, and there is not the slightest doubt that the balance and even more, if it be needed, will be raised without the slightest difficulty. The location selected is most desirable, on Belmont Avenue, west of Horticultural Hall, and will have in the foreground the beautiful adornment of the grounds appropriate to that Department.

The style of architecture is Moresque; the extreme dimensions of the buiing, including porches, is 208 feet both ays; each intersecting nave is 192 feet lo by 64 feet wide and each corner pallon formed by naves is 48 feet square.

Within these walls will be arnged specimens of the work of women (the present century not only of ourown country but of the whole world, ar the liveliest interest has been manifest in other countries in its complete suess. Applications for space are arriving dly, together with lists of articles to be exhibited, all made by women, reflecting great credit upon the skill and ingenity for which the sex is famous.

Painting and sculpture will be presented by artists of world-wide rotation, and many important branch of manufacture will be entirely carrie on by the fair hands of women.

The Massachusetts Centennial Women's Committee have made applicion for steam power, which will probab be granted them, in order to show the fine work of the Lowell factory operatives.

A kindergarten and school of design will also be attached to the pavilion, which will be in charge of and participated in by women.

Altogether the display promises to be highly interesting, and will reflect great honor upon the ladies who are engaged in the undertaking, and there is no doubt that the women of the country will make a very creditable display next year.

We cannot conclude this brief description of the Women's Pavilion without bearing testimony to the untiring zeal and enthusiasm with which Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, the President of the Women's Executive Centennial Committee, has devoted her energies from the very commencement of this enterprise. The wonderful success which has so far crowned the efforts of the women of America is in a very large measure due to Mrs. Gillespie's able and judicious management.

WOMEN'S PAVILION.

AT THE STILE—FROM LUCY'S POINT OF VIEW

BY ARTHUR LOCKER.

The leaves are growing ruddy as the sun begins to dip,
The birds are twitt.ring forth their evensong;
Little Lucy sits expectant with her finger at her lip—
What makes her sister Alice stay so long?
There are butterflies and dragonflies all ready to be chased,
There are daisy-chains to weave, there are blackberries to taste;
Why not play about the meadows for a while?
Why linger, linger, linger at the stile?

Impatient little Lucy is a simple-witted mite,
Her sweetheart days are future joys, 'tis clear;
Why should Harry keep his arm around her sister's waist so tight?
Why make her blush by whisp'ring in her ear?
The sun will soon be setting—Lucy does not love the dark;
She does not love the silent bats that flit across the park:
Since he met her, Alice might have walk'd a mile—
Why linger, linger, linger at the stile?

This dialogue, small Lucy, which seems tedious as you tarry,
To Alice is rather a serious thing;
For it means that she and Harry have this evening vow'd to marry;
It means a cake, lace veil and wedding-ring.
And when a little bridesmaiden, uncommonly like you,
Comes into church so trippingly, all dressed in white and blue,
You'll discover, as you reach the middle aisle,
Why they linger'd, linger'd, linger'd at the stile.

POSTSCRIPTS.

GOD gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.

THE Library of Congress, Washington, has 4,600 bound volumes of newspapers.

DUBLIN and Belfast are the only British cities outside of London which support as many as seven daily newspapers.

HARRIET Beecher Stowe didn't raise any oranges to sell this year. The boys raised them a week in advance of her.

OLD lace is the object of the latest fashionable mania, and the factories are running double time to supply the demand.

THE fastest three heats on record were made at Rochester, N. Y., on the 14th of October, 1875, Lulu having trotted in 2.16¾, 2.14, and 2.16.

"MUSH and Milk Festivals" and "Apple Butter Parties" are now all the rage, and we read of a Pumpkin Pie Festival just the other day in a rural exchange.

A LAZY man's churn has been invented in Vermont. It is adjusted to a wagon, and all a man has to do is to drive down for the mail, and when he gets back the butter has come.

FOSTER, the medium, declares that on one occasion when he was playing the piano "an eyeball ran along the keys." This is evidently one of those manifestations that are not to be winked at.

MAINE has ten ex-governors living, and all residing in the State. Their names are Crosby, Kent, A. P. Morrill, Hamlin, Williams, L. P. Morrill, Washburn, Coburn, Chamberlain, and Perham. Four are over seventy years old,

IT is said that the Russian winters are becoming colder every year, and the summers hotter, drier, and less fruitful. This is believed to be owing to the destruction of the woodlands which formerly abounded in the southern districts.

THE collecting of monograms is the latest wrinkle among the young ladies. When a large number are obtained the young ladies paste them on their fans, and the one who has the most and finest holds her head in lofty scorn at everybody else.

THE *Home Journal* states it as a fact that on one evening (Tuesday, October 12th,) the Windsor Hotel, on Fifth Avenue, sheltered nineteen bridal couples, all married on that day. The billing and cooing, it is said, made the shade and window curtains flutter as in a hurricane.

THE Duke of Edinburgh took up the fiddle and the bow at a concert given at the great Russian fair and conducted the band, who were playing his own waltz, "The Galatea." The concert was made so agreeable that it was actually prolonged until five o'clock in the morning.

THE new Scotch note paper is nothing if it isn't gaudy. Fancy your writing on a huge colored plaid and putting the letter into an envelope long enough to contain the Declaration of Independence folded once! It is called "Aberdeen Papeterie," and there is more in a name in this case than Shakespeare or any one else would imagine.

THE City of Berlin has but one steam fire engine, the rest being old fashioned hand machines, and the water supply is inadequate. Recently an immense hotel was burned, and water was brought in barrels and pumped feebly to the second story where there was no fire. At length a heavy rain extinguish the flames.

ADVENTURE WITH A MARMBAR.

BY A. LINDLEY.

In 1867 I had a fit of the gold fever very strong, the reports from this new gold fields of South Africa had decoyed me, together with four others, into the wilds of Africa. During our travels there we met with the following adventure with a *Marmbar*, the most deadly of all the African snakes:

One day we were walking along, for exercise, some little distance beyond our wagons, when we came to a piece of rocky ground, full of holes and burrows, into some of which we saw several rock-rabbits disappear. Neither of us were carrying our guns, but I had a few *assegais*, in the use of which I was rather expert. Very fortunately, it transpired Roger also carried his revolver in his belt.

Springing after a rock-rabbit that vanished over a little ridge of earth, I saw, shining within a hole facing me from a precisely similar mound, what I took for the rabbit's eyes. In a moment I had plunged an *assegai* at the animal's head, and with such force as to transfix it through and through, driving nearly half a foot of the weapon's blade into the ground.

What was our horror to see, lashing forth with fury from a hole just a couple of feet behind the other, on the other side of the ridge, the huge folds of a black and writhing *Marmbar!*

Instead of a rabbit, I had unwittingly transfixed the neck of this hideous, deadly snake!

Our lives hung, literally, upon a reed. If the *assegai* should break, and the terrible reptile be able to withdraw its head, there was no escape for us. I had not even time for this reflection, for no sooner had the hideous coils burst forth from the back of the hole than, with a powerful blow from a sweeping and convulsive lash of the wounded monster's tail, I was knocked flat to mother earth.

"Shoot it! Shoot it!" I cried to Roger.

Bang, bang, bang, went his revolver in reply; but three shots were wasted, for he shouted:

"It's no use, I can't hit it. It moves too quick."

And, indeed, the wild blows of the reptile's tail were flying about, beating the earth, and sending the stones and dirt in every direction.

I never for an instant lost my hold upon the shaft of the *assegai*, for our lives depended entirely upon keeping the *Marmbar's* head pinned to the ground. Providentially, despite the great strain brought to bear upon it by the powerful snake's efforts, the tough iron head and shaft held firm, though bent and dragged inward to the hole at a serious arch.

It was rather a nasty fix to be in, within a foot of that deadly venomous serpent's fangs, and nothing but a slight piece of wood and iron to restrain it from taking our lives. I held on to the *assegai* shaft with all my might, but dared not rise to my feet again, for fear of being knocked away from it by the fierce sweeps of the monster's tail; so there, within a foot of those fire-gleaming eyes—awful in their deadly, hateful and vividly magnetic glare—with its hot and sickly breath panting into my face, I had to lay. Roger could not get near enough to place the muzzle of his pistol close to the *Marmbar's* body, and so have an effective shot, and as the position I was in could not last long, I called to him to place his revolver at half-cock, and throw it to me, releasing the *assegai* with one hand, which I held up to catch it. I caught the pistol successfully, and then, placing its muzzle within an inch or two of those baneful, sparkling eyes, pulled the trigger.

There was one violent and convulsive throe; the heavy folds dashed over me in a last dying sweep, then slowly relaxed, and the terrible *Marmbar*—its head shattered to pieces by the revolver shot—was lying dead and harmless, though still quivering, a length of sixteen feet and a half before us, where we had dragged it forth from its lair.

THE EGG DANCE IN INDIA.

A much more pleasing performance, and which might perhaps better have been mentioned in connection with the exploits of jugglers, is the "egg dance." This is not, as one might expect from the name given it, a dance upon these fragile objects. It is executed in this wise: The dancer, dressed in corsage and very short skirt, carries a willow wheel of moderate diameter fastened horizontally upon the top of her head. Around this wheel threads are fastened, equally distant from each other, and to the end of each of these threads is a slip-noose, which is kept open by a glass bead. Thus equipped, the young girl comes towards the spectators with a basket full of eggs, which she passes round for inspection to prove that they are real and not imitations. The music strikes up a jerky, monotonous strain, and the dancer begins to whirl around with great rapidity. Then, seizing an egg, she puts it one of the slip-nooses, and, with a quick motion, throws it from her in such a way as to draw the knot tight. The swift turning of the dancer produces a centrifugal force which stretches the thread out straight like a ray shooting from the circumference of the circle. One after another the eggs are thrown in these slip-nooses until they make a horizontal aureole or halo about the dancer's head. Then the dance becomes still more rapid—so rapid, in fact, that it is difficult to distinguish the features of the girl. The moment is critical; the least false step, the least irregularity in time, and the eggs dash against each other. But how can the dance be stopped? There is but one way—that is, to remove the eggs in the way in which they have been put in place. This operation is by far the more delicate of the two. It is necessary that the dancer, by a single motion, exact and unerring, should take hold of her egg and remove it from the noose. A single false motion of the hand, the least interference with one of the threads, and the general arrangement is suddenly broken, and the whole performance disastrously ended. At last all the eggs are successfully removed; the dancer suddenly stops, and without seeming in the least dizzy by this dance of twenty-five or thirty minutes, she advances to the spectators with a firm step, and presents them the eggs, which are immediately broken in a flat dish, to prove that there is no trick about the performance.—*Scribner for November.*

A LEAF AND A HEART.

It was such a jaunty little leaf that bright spring morning when first I saw it. It was such a sweet tender green, and so little. It seemed very glad and gay in its new life, the soft spring zephyrs swung it to and fro, and it looked up saucily into my face as I gazed dreamily out of the window.

As the summer sun grew hot and the heavy summer rains fell upon it, the tiny leaf grew thicker and heavier. It gained a bright, glazed surface, and took on a darker color, and when the wild winds blew hard against it, it pushed back hard against them, and clung bravely and resolutely to life.

But one sad day in early autumn the winds grew cold and chilly, while a dread foreboding filled all the air. The trees sighed and moaned, the corn leaves whispered and rustled and the poor little leaf grew frightened and clung close to its mother stem.

The next morning when I awoke and saw all the earth covered with a white hoar frost, I hastened to the window and my eyes filled with tears as I saw my poor leaf in one night grown so pale.

Poor leaf, the cruel frost had touched it, and its pale and curled form seemed to shrink from my pitying gaze. For three days more the trees sighed and moaned, the winds sang a dismal song, and all nature seemed to be grieving over the ruin—then there came another cold, keen cutting frost.

I dreaded to look at my leaf again; I feared it would be all cold and dead, and very reluctantly when I went to my window next morning did my eyes seek their accustomed resting place. But lo! what a change! No more sighing and moaning; no more tears, for there in sweet repose hung the leaf, radiant in a dress of crimson and gold, ten times more lovely than before. For days it hung there quiet and peaceful, glad that its new beauty might help to brighten the sadness of the autumn hours. One day a whispering wind came along with a message, then joyously it leaped away, its work on earth fully done.

I know a heart, once it was a happy, blithesome heart, singing its glad, merry song all day. By and by the cruel frost of sorrow came and touched it, and it drooped sadly. Its merry song was hushed; it shrank away from our loving sympathy, and all its brightness seemed to have fled.

Another sorrow came, and we trembled and feared the poor heart would break and did. We looked, and lo! the master-hand of sorrow had penciled it in new and rarer beauty.

The heart will never sing its glad spring-time song again, but it lives on, happy, if its new found beauty may brighten the sad autumn of their lives.

By and by an angel messenger will come to it from the Father, and then the ripe heart will leap gladly into his arms, and be borne away to Heaven, where sorrow is no more.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

IF the heat of the room occupied by an invalid is oppressive, it may be greatly lessened by hanging in the open windows some towels or canvas well wetted. Water passing from a liquid to a gaseous state absorbs caloric. The chemical process will lower in a few minutes the temperature of a room by five or six degrees, and the humidity distributed in the air makes the heat more supportable.

A CHILD'S bed should slope a little from the head to the foot so that the head may be a little higher than the feet, never bend the neck to set the head on the pillow. This makes the child round shouldered, cramps the veins and arteries, and interferes with the free circulation of the blood. Even when a child is several years old the pillow should be thin and made of hair, not feathers.

THE United States standard gallon measures 231 cubic inches.

A barrel contains 46 gallons, or 9,240 cubic inches.

5 yards wide by 968 long contains 1 acre.
10 yards wide by 484 long contains 1 acre.
20 yards wide by 242 long contains 1 acre.
40 yards wide by 121 long contains 1 acre.
80 feet wide by 726 long contains 1 acre.
110 feet wide by 396 long contains 1 acre.
220 feet wide by 198 long contains 1 acre.

PROCESS OF GILDING.—Place in a plate leaf gold, add a little honey, stir the two substances carefully together with a glass toper, the lower end of which is very flat. Throw the resulting paste into a glass of water mixed with a little alcohol. Wash it and leave it to settle. Decant the liquid and wash the deposit again. Repeat the same operation until the result is a fine, pure, and brilliant powder of gold. This powder, mixed with common salt and powdered cream of tartar, and stirred up in water, serves for gilding.

FRESH WATER FROM SEA WATER.—A method of procuring fresh water from sea water through the direct action of the sun's rays is among the foreign inventions. The apparatus consists of a box of wood one inch thick, about fourteen feet long, two feet wide, and of an average depth of six inches. The upper part of the box is closed with ordinary glass, which has an inclination of an inch and a half. At the lower edge of the glass there is a semi-circular channel destined to receive the fresh water which is condensed on the interior surface of the glass. The operation is exceedingly simple. The salt water is let into the box for about an inch in depth, and it is then exposed to the rays of the sun. A very active evaporation begins, and it is found that a square meter of glass will condense daily the amount of two gallons of pure water.

THE BEST DISINFECTANTS.—There are three powerful disinfectants; carbolic acid, but its smell is objectionable, chlorine and permanganate of potash; these last two are quite expensive. These disinfectants act by combining with deleterious substances and rendering them harmless, while antiseptics prevent and arrest the decomposition of animal substances. The most common and available disinfectant and deodorizer is copperas, crude copperas, sold by druggists at a few cents a pound, under the name of sulphate of iron; one pound to two gallons of water, to be used as often as necessary to render all odors imperceptible, acting at the same time as an antiseptic, deodorizer and disinfectant; and if instantly thrown over what passes from the body in cholera, is one of the cheapest and best means known for preventing its communication to others. The only perfect disinfectant, however, is habitual cleanliness and thorough ventilation; next to that is a dry heat of two hundred and fifty degrees.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—The Olden Home. Esmeralda. Dead. Legend of Black Rock. One Word with Thee. Aunt Annie's Story. Fred's Mistake. A Tale and a Talk.

H. O. H. *Lettres de cachet* were secret warrants proceeding from and signed by the kings of France, and countersigned by a secretary of state, by which any person could be imprisoned or banished to a certain place without any reason being assigned.

O. B.—Any one who deserts a lady under such delicate circumstances as those that you allude to does not act the part of a gentleman. If there is nothing in the case more than you mention, you may congratulate yourself on being well rid of him.

TYRO.—The first engraving on wood of which there is any record is that of the ancient "Actions of Alexander," by the two Canios, executed in the year 1285 or 1286. The engravings are eight in number, and in size about nine inches by six.

ELLIE M.—It is not necessary for the young lady to say anything at all in such a case; she may simply bow. 2. Yes; certainly a lady should thank the gentleman for any assistance he may render her in "getting out of a buggy or over a fence." 3. We regret that we cannot afford you any help in finding out whether your "admirers by the score are only fortune seekers, or which of them seek you for love and not for money?"

ENGINEER.—There are various opinions as to "what constitutes a horse-power in the use of steam?" According to Smeaton, a horse will raise only 22,916 pounds one foot high in one minute. Desaguliers makes it 40,000 pounds. Watt makes it 33,000 pounds. Tredgold makes it 27,500 pounds. D'Aubisson calls it 16,400 pounds. There is reason to believe that even Watt's figure is too little, and that we may add at least 11,000 pounds to it in order to arrive at accuracy.

W. J. E.—You would be very unwise to manifest the preference you have for the gentleman's society until he has expressed his for you in words. He evidently likes you as a friend, but the fact that he visits another young lady so regularly indicates that his affections are engaged in that quarter. As he does not call upon you as a lover, you can hardly dismiss him without making it apparent that you have looked upon him as such, thereby acknowledging that you have bestowed your affections unsought. The proper course would be to find it convenient to be "not at home" when he calls.

FLIRT.—Your name is well chosen, most certainly, we should say, from your letter. It seems this young lady has broken her engagement with a young gentleman, because he forbade her writing to any gentleman but himself. Now she begins to fear she has lost her lover, and wants to know if we think it would be too great a concession if she should write to him and ask him to call on her. We think the concession would be entirely too small. You should send him an apology for refusing to comply with his request. We hope this will be a lesson to you, and you will learn that the true love of one good man is of greater value than the admiration of half the world.

H. M. K.—"I have seen mentioned, with reference to the Prince of Wales having left for India, that the poet laureate of England was about to compose a poem or poems on the subject. Who is the poet laureate? What are his duties? and since when was he appointed?" The present poet laureate of England is Alfred Tennyson. It is his duty to compose birthday odes and all other poems of rejoicing, or on any important personal and national subjects, for Queen Victoria and her family. The first mention of a poet laureate in England occurs in the reign of Edward IV. Ben Jonson was poet laureate to James I, and received a pension. Dryden held the office under Charles II, and afterwards under James II.

RODA.—Your ideas of what constitutes "a perfect gentleman," and ours, certainly differ very considerably, for if we had happened to be in your place, and this young man, whom you consider such a "perfect gentleman," had showed himself so totally ignorant of the commonest usages of respectable society and good breeding, it would have been his last visit. Such being our opinion of him, it is hardly necessary for us to give any opinion on the second question, except that we are not a bit surprised to hear of his venturing to take such a liberty with you, after your not having resented, as you should have done, the rudeness of which he was guilty in the first instance.

J. L. D.—The identity of the "Man with the Iron Mask" is just as great a mystery to-day as ever it was. Various attempts have been made to fathom it, and several theories started. The general belief, however, though without very satisfactory evidence, is that the mysterious prisoner was the Count Matthioli, minister of the Duke of Mantua. He broke faith, it is said, with Louis XIV, and was lured to the French frontier, when he was arrested, May 2, 1679, and imprisoned at Pignerol. From thence he was moved to Exilles in 1681; to the island of St. Marguerite in 1687; and finally to the Bastille, September 18, 1698, where he died, November 19, 1703. 2. "The Seven Wonders of the World" we gave only two weeks ago. 3. We must decline assisting you out of your dilemma, as you had no business to get into it.

HARLEM.—"I shall be much obliged if informed what nitro-glycerine is composed of? Also, could soda water, similar to that got at the drug store, be made in a private house; and if so, what are the ingredients used?" Nitro-glycerine is a compound produced by the action of a mixture of strong nitric acid and sulphuric acids on glycerine at low temperature. It is a light yellow oily liquid, inodorous, but having a sweet, pungent, aromatic taste. A single drop, however, placed on the back of the tongue produces headache and pain in the back which lasts for several hours. It is very explosive under certain circumstances. 2. It could be made easily enough if the proper materials were at hand. Soda water, so called, is merely carbonic acid water, but the machinery required to manufacture it on a small scale is such as cannot be conveniently used, except by experts. Soda water, however, is composed of bicarbonate of soda and tartaric acid mixed in water, and by purchasing soda powders at the druggist's you can make a tumbler of soda water for yourself at any moment.

UNO.—"Suppose a cylinder eight inches high, with a round opening through it two inches in diameter, closed at the bottom, and with a piston fitting the top air-tight, what pressure (in pounds) will press the piston down in the cylinder two inches?" The following are three different answers to your question, which have been kindly worked out for us by gentlemen well known in scientific circles:

1. To compress air into three-fourths of the space which it occupies when free from extraneous pressure, will require, on each square inch, $\frac{4}{3}$ a force of $14.7\frac{4}{3} = 19.6$ lbs., or 4.9 lbs. in addition to the pressure derived from its own gravity. As a piston 2 inches in diameter has an area of 3.1416 square inches, it will require a total force of about 61.6 lbs. to compress into a length of 6 inches the air which originally occupied a length of 8 inches. Of this the gravity (or pressure) of the atmosphere itself will furnish 46.2 lbs., and the remaining 15.4 lbs. will be the force which must be applied artificially. The query is capable of two constructions, either of which is answered above. Leakage, friction, change of temperature, etc., are not regarded.

2. The pounds required will depend on the barometric pressure at the time of experiment, hence answer can only be given relatively. Call V, volume of gas or air, = in your case 4. P, atmospheric pressure at time of experiment, = say 15 lbs. per square inch. V', volume to which it is to be condensed, = 3. P', pressure required when condensed. Then, according to Marriotte's law, which is, "For the same temperature the density of gas is proportioned to its pressure."

$$V' P' = V P$$
$$P' = \frac{V P}{V'} = \frac{4 \times 15}{3} = 20$$

20—15 the assumed atmospheric pressure, = 5 lbs per square inch. 2" diameter = 3.141 square inches area, 3.141 x 5 = 15.705 nearly. For 15 in the above calculation substitute the true weight of the atmosphere at the time, and the result will be more accurate. To understand this fully, you must bear in mind that it requires double any pressure to reduce any given bulk of gas to one-half—and so in proportion with all other pressures.

3. Capacity of cylinder $\frac{128}{339}$ cubic inches.
Atmospheric pressure 14.7 lbs. per sq. inch.
Pressure of air = $\frac{3816}{1000}$ lbs.
To compress to 6 inches, or one-fourth, weight should be $\frac{2826}{1000}$ lbs.

MISCELLANEOUS.—D. S. C.—Repeat this question a year or two hence, and we shall be happy to answer you. You are far too young at present to think of such things. G. G. C.—October 3d, 1854, fell on Monday. 2. You are very tall for your age, we should say. KATIE C.—As you are engaged, you had better say as little as possible to the gentleman you speak of; it will save you perhaps much unpleasantness with your lover. E. G. S.—Olive oil mixed with a very little spirit, such as rum, is an excellent thing to promote the growth of the hair. CONSTANT READER.—Yes, plaiting the hair tightly is injurious to it.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*